

# Punch

9<sup>d</sup>

FOOD

Beauty

DRUGS

GAS

*This is the  
gift that is  
always welcome*

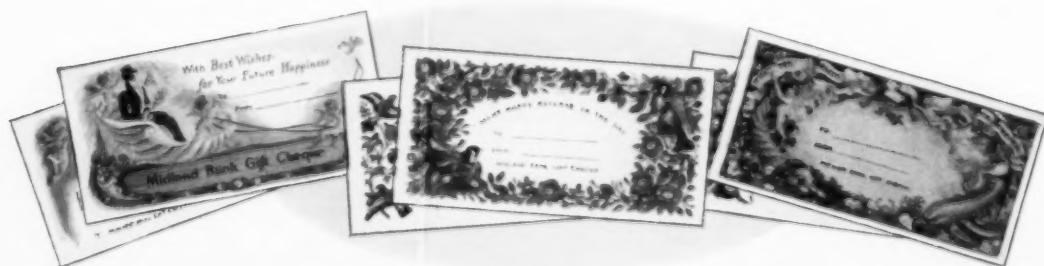
It's the Midland Bank Christmas Gift Cheque. It's colourful and attractive enough to please the most particular people. It's personal, in a way that no ordinary money present can ever be. And no one can deny that it is very, very practical! You can buy Midland Bank Gift Cheques at any branch of the Bank whether you are normally a customer of ours or not. They cost 1/- each and can be made out for any amount you care to provide. If you would like to know more about this unique service ask for the illustrated leaflet which can be obtained free of charge from any branch or direct from the Head Office.



To mark the occasion, give

## MIDLAND BANK GIFT CHEQUES

*Also available: Gift Cheques for Weddings, Birthdays and general gift purposes.*



# PTFE Super-Faski

Lillywhites have conducted considerable research into the fabulous qualities of 'POLYTETRAFLUOROETHYLENE' and as a result are able to offer to our customers 'Super-Faski' a unique new ski lacquer which contains this material, usually known as 'P.T.F.E.' and which will give the fastest running surface yet known to skiers.

Further details will be found in the new enlarged edition of our famous Winter Sports Catalogue which is now available on request.

★ Due to its inflammable nature we regret it is not possible to send lacquer by post.

## Lillywhites

PICCADILLY, S.W.1 · EDINBURGH · BOURNEMOUTH

## Rolstar Butane Lighter

**NO FILLING—YOU LOAD IT!**

The new trouble-free lighter at **35/-**



OFF WITH THE OLD  
ON WITH THE NEW

The easiest refuelling system ever! To load, you unscrew the old tank and screw on the new—it takes seconds! Each tank has its own precision-made valve—no adjusting needed. Butane screw-on tank.



price **3/6**

### HERE IT IS!

The handsome new lighter that you load by simply screwing on a Butane tank. Then it lights and lights and

keeps on lighting—literally thousands of times on one loading! The Rolstar Butane Lighter uses an entirely new

version of an approved, trouble-free mechanism. By a simple one-handed action the spin-wheel ignites a controlled flow of Butane Gas released by the jet button. Beautifully compact in appearance, the

Rolstar Butane Lighter costs only 35/-, less than any other Butane lighter.

★ Idea! Give him a Rolstar Butane Lighter for Christmas and he won't need to load it again for months!

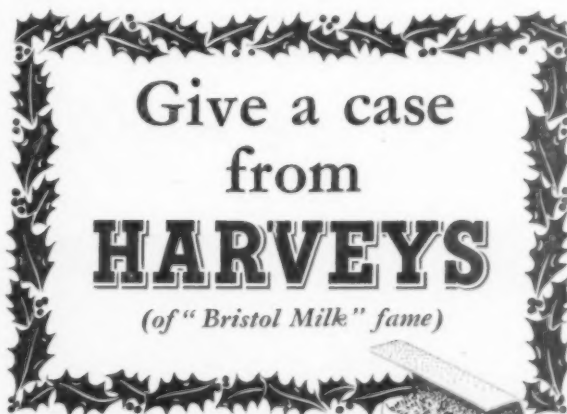
ROLSTAR, NORTH FELTHAM TRADING ESTATE, MIDDLESEX

By Appointment  
Queen Elizabeth II



To Her Majesty  
Wine Merchants

Make their Christmas Complete...



Give a case  
from  
**HARVEYS**  
(of "Bristol Milk" fame)

Christmas 1956 will be truly 'complete' for your friends if you send them a case from Harveys of Bristol. All the wines in these cases are from the famous "Bristol Milk" cellars and their selection has been guided by the wine wisdom of 160 years. Send now for the complete Christmas Case List, together with our illustrated brochure.

The Case for the  
Connoisseur — £13. 13. 0



### PORT

The Directors' Bin,  
very superior old tawny, dry

### SHERRY

Bristol Dry, very superior old Fino  
Bristol Cream, choicest old full pale

### MADEIRA

Royal Solera,  
superior pale medium rich

### CLARET

Château Margaux 1950,  
1st Growth, Margaux  
Château Climens 1952, Barsac

### RED BURGUNDY

Echezeaux, Tasteringage 1949

### BEAUJOLAIS

Moulin à Vent,  
Grand Clos de Rochegrès 1952

### WHITE BURGUNDY

Beaune, Clos des Mouches 1953

### HOCK

Eltviller Rheinberg 1953

### CHAMPAGNE

Pirrot, extra dry

### COGNAC

Denis Mounié, Petit Champagne,  
Vintage 1926

**CASE No. 1 for 40/-**  
1 bott. Falanda Sherry,  
superior rich golden  
1 bott. Brown Cap Port,  
old tawny

**CASE No. 3 for 50/6**  
1 bott. Fino Sherry,  
light pale dry  
1 bott. White Cap Port  
old full tawny, dry  
1 bott. Sauternes Supérieur

**CASE No. 5 for 75/-**  
1 bott. Bristol Dry Sherry,  
very superior old Fino  
1 bott. The Directors' Bin Port,  
very superior old tawny, dry  
1 bott. Harvey's Réserve  
Cuvée Champagne

### THE "SPORTSMAN'S" CASE for 85/-

1 bott. Select Shooting Sherry  
full golden  
1 bott. Hunting Port,  
fine old tawny  
1 bott. Golf Blend Scotch Whisky  
"The 19th Hole" (25 u.p.)

\* The charges include carriage and packing. Any case will be delivered to any address in Great Britain in time for Christmas, if the order is received by December 12th.



**JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD**

Founded 1796

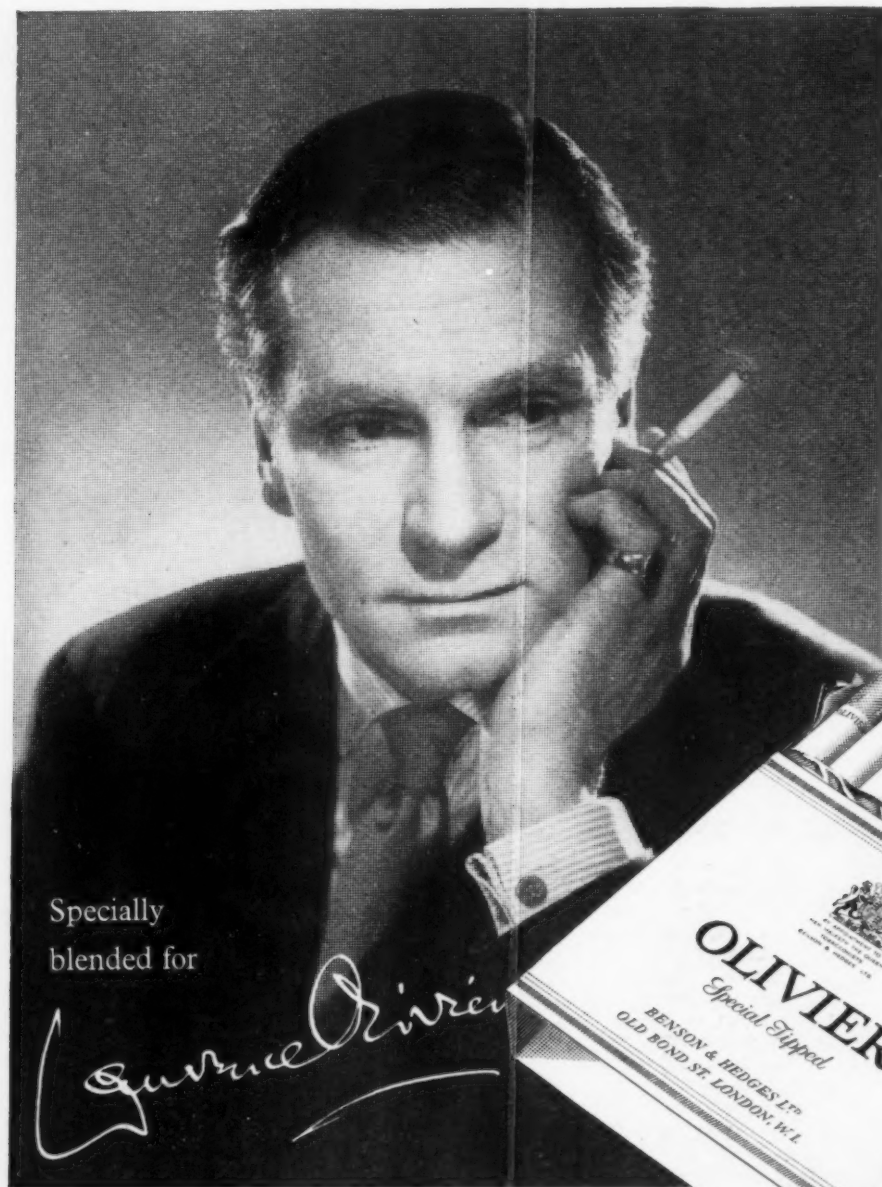
12 Denmark Street, Bristol, 1. Bristol 2-7661

London Retail Office:

40 King Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Trafalgar 4436.

# OLIVIER

## *Tipped Cigarettes*



Specially  
blended for

*Quinine Olivier*

You'll enjoy this successful cigarette. Blended from fine tobaccos and specially tipped for coolness and flavour, Olivier cigarettes maintain the Benson and Hedges tradition for quality at an economical price.



MADE BY BENSON AND HEDGES

10 FOR 1/7½  
20 FOR 3/3



*"We're taking no chances with colds this winter"*



**"We're building up  
our resistance with  
the new  
Haliborange tablets"**

All 3 resistance vitamins in one tablet—Vitamins A, C and D.

Easy to absorb — the vitamins are homogenised for complete assimilation.

Small, orange flavoured — as pleasant to suck as sweets.

They are non-fattening and do not repeat.

*Each Haliborange tablet gives you a daily supply of the three resistance vitamins A, C and D.*

## Haliborange TABLETS

25 for 3/9d.  
from all chemists

*for adults and older children.*

MADE BY ALLEN & HANBURY LTD. LONDON E.2.  
*The makers of the famous Haliborange for children.* HT2A



### TIPTREE

**MORELLO CHERRY JAM**  
for TEA!

Made on the Tiptree Farm from selected Morello cherries and pure sugar. This high fruit content Conserve is enjoyed by connoisseurs all the world over. Why not try a jar yourself? From all good grocers. Or the name of your nearest stockist will be sent on request to Dept. 1

By appointment to  
Her Majesty The Queen  Jam and Marmalade  
Manufacturers  
WILKIN & SONS LTD., TIPTREE, ESSEX  
*Enquiries also invited from overseas readers*

*P-s-s-t!*

## Are you a Nibbler?

Everyone's getting that nibbling habit now that Peek Frean *Twiglets* are here. And no wonder—these crisp, crunchy biscuits have such a thrilling savoury flavour! Buy a packet of *Twiglets* today; try them with soup or salad, coffee or cocktails—and you too will be a nibbler in no time!

## Twiglets

Made by PEEK FREAN—makers of famous biscuits

## trip to the tropics

Tropical and lightweight clothing gets better and better. One big stride forward has been the Stores itself, now the leading large-scale specialists. Another big step is the use of man-made fibres – fibres that make fabrics cool, crisp-looking, easily washed and ironed and strongly resistant to creasing



### FOR EXAMPLE

The 'Terylene' and wool suit illustrated has (and keeps) a clean, tailored look about it. Fawn, light grey, mid grey, 18 gns. May we send you a pattern? Something rather similar in rayon and wool – same shades – £13. 19. 6; with patch pockets, £1 less. And everything else you will need from bush jackets to dinner jackets – in linen (8 gns), shark-skin (10 gns) or 'Terylene' and wool (15 gns)

VICTORIA 1234  
DAY AND NIGHT

Our telephones are on call night and day – ready to take your orders for anything from a rattle to a rocking chair

## Army & Navy Stores

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYONE

VICTORIA STREET SW1 • 5 MINUTES' WALK FROM VICTORIA STATION

## One of these is sure to please~



### NECTAR

*Spain's  
Dry Oloroso*

### TIO PEPE

*The finest  
and driest of  
them all*



## GONZALEZ BYASS

*Sherries of Distinction*

7-8 GREAT WINCHESTER ST. LONDON E C-2 & JEREZ, SPAIN

*Punch, November 7 1956*



By Appointment to Her Majesty  
Queen Elizabeth II  
Motor Car Manufacturers  
The Austin Motor Company Limited

"Great family car  
— my new Austin"

After weighing all the pros and cons, young Michael decided that the family ought to have an Austin. And, as he's always telling them, they couldn't have done better. For here is a car that takes the whole family comfortably. It soars up the hills, it nips through the traffic. It stands up to tough going, rough roads, heavy loads. But as Michael's father points out to Michael there are other things too. The Austin is easy on petrol, light on the wheel. It gives him a good clear view all round, gives the passengers a foam rubber ride.



Buy **AUSTIN** and be proud of it

THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, LONGBRIDGE, BIRMINGHAM

## *A man—his hobby— and a very personal cigarette*

HERE'S a man of originality — Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright, Bart., lifetime amateur photographer who has recently made it his profession. You've probably admired the originality of his work in well-known magazines.

Sir Geoffrey is a noted collector of rare and beautiful objects. Here, in his lovely Hertfordshire home, is his collection of rare glass paper-weights, some over 100 years old.

Knowing his individual turn of mind, you won't be surprised when he offers you his very personal choice in cigarettes. Larger than usual, oval in shape though Virginian-flavoured, and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds" — the cigarettes in that unmistakable pink box.



**20 for 4/6 — 100 for 22/6**

**MADE BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS**

Sir Geoffrey Cory-Wright is always happy to talk about his collection of glass paper-weights. "This is the mille fiori design," he says. "The hardest to track down have a single flower or butterfly. Once, you could buy them for a few shillings; now, they can sell for £200!" As he talks you can sense the firm streak of originality in his character. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'd say "rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll offer you "Passing Clouds."



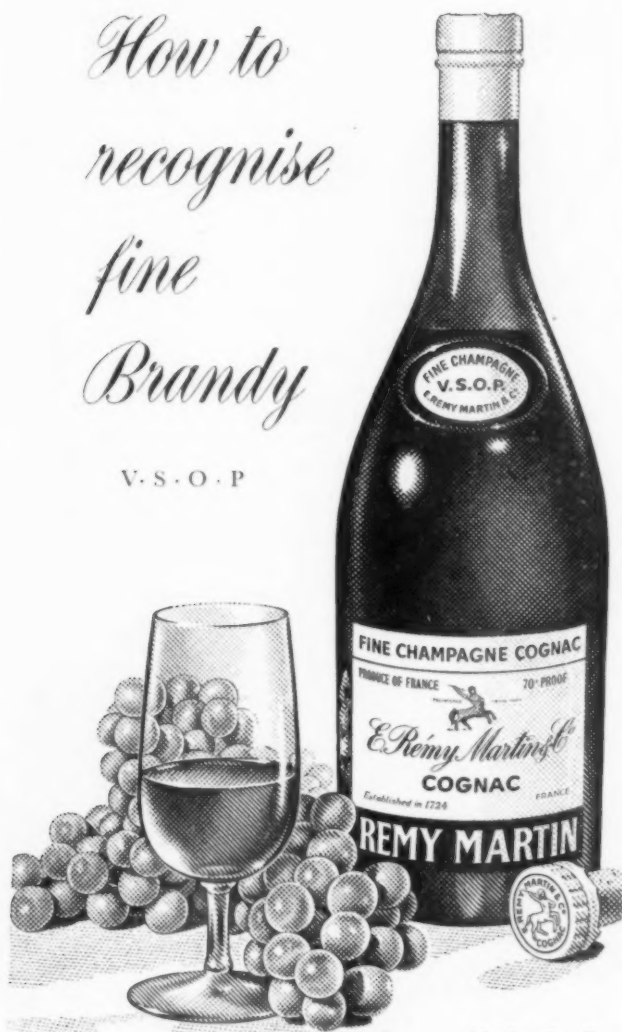
WPC:R

# PASSING CLOUDS



# How to recognise fine Brandy

V.S.O.P



V.S.O.P

The finest brandy comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts of Cognac. Only Cognac originating from these two areas, at least half of which must be from the Grande Champagne, is entitled by French law to be called Fine Champagne Cognac.

Remy Martin produce Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac and *nothing less good*. They only offer for sale Brandy which has reached perfection. That is why when you insist on Remy Martin you can be sure of getting a *really fine Cognac*.

## REMY MARTIN

*Pride of Cognac*

## Plum Crazy

That's what it is. Because no Christmas Plum Pudding (not even the Heinz variety) contains any plums. What Heinz Plum Puddings do contain — among other good things — are raisins, eggs, currants, flour, golden syrup and rum, all stirred with a wish for your merriest of Christmasses!



## Ginger up!

There's a cry to warm the hearts of ginger-fanciers everywhere — especially when it's Heinz Stem Ginger. You'll relish the toothsome warmth of those golden-yellow chunks, nestling in their own mellow syrup. Heinz Stem Ginger comes in distinguished jars, bursting with the spicy joys of the East. That's ginger for you, by ginger!



## Let's not mince our words

Mince-pies made with Heinz mincemeat are well steeped in the Christmas spirit... brandy, in fact. To round off a square Christmas dinner, what could be better? No second thoughts — just second helpings, please!



**HEINZ**

Christmas Pudding 2/9 and 5/6  
Stem Ginger 3/6 and 5/-  
Mincemeat 1/6 and 2/9



HIGHCLERE CASTLE  
Seat of the Earl of Carnarvon

**SANDERSON**  
OF BERNERS STREET  
*continue the presentation of the*

**Courtaulds-  
Sanderson**

ANCESTRAL COLLECTION  
(SECOND SERIES)

This resplendent new collection is now on view in our Berners Street showrooms. These fabrics have been faithfully transcribed from the tapestries and furnishings of the great family homes of England. They are now available for you to buy for your own home. Come and see them



## There's more to Morlands than comfort

FOR COLD DAYS in the country, for cold days in Town, Morlands are the best sheepskin-lined boots you can buy. They're lined with real, deep sheepskin from top to toe. And they give you more, far more, than any other boot in terms of comfort, long life and resistance to the weather.

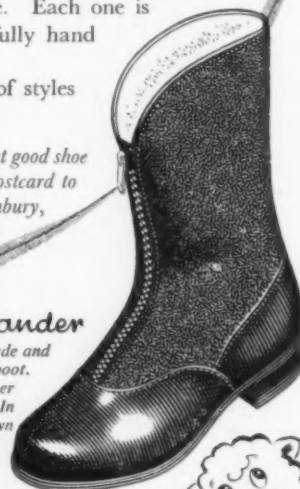
You have only to look at Morlands to see what magnificent boots they are. Each one is craftsman-made and carefully hand finished.

There is a wide range of styles at prices from 3 to 8 gns.

*You can buy Morlands in most good shoe shops. If in any difficulty, a postcard to Morlands (Dept. P2), Glastonbury, Somerset, will bring you an illustrated booklet and addresses of local stockists.*

### Callander

*Lady's suede and leather high boot. Moulded rubber sole. 1" heel. In Jacobean brown 126/-*



### Elgin

*Lady's laced Town boot in fine suede. Leather sole. 1 1/2" heel. In black or brown 93/8*



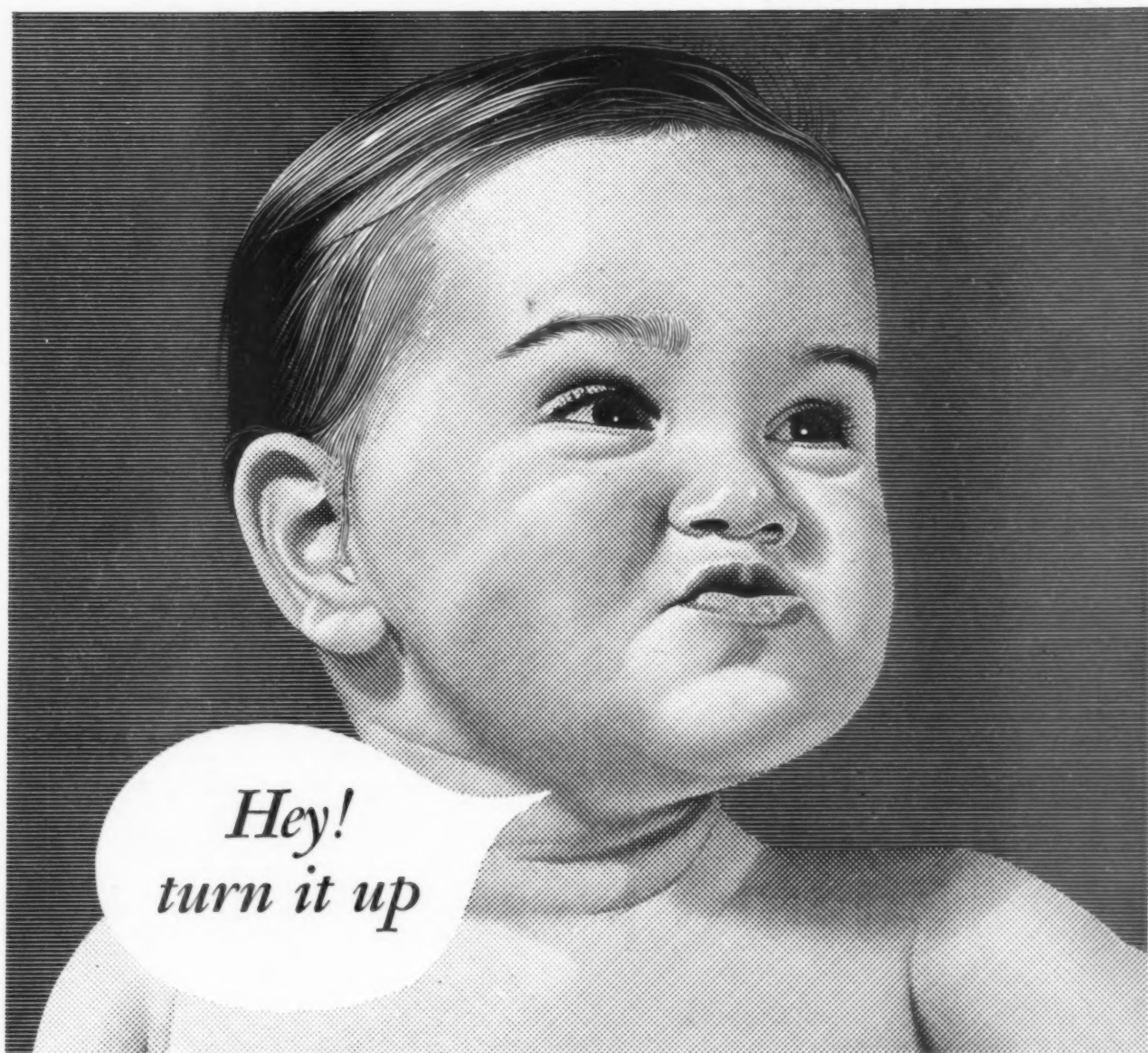
### Rosslyn

*Man's suede zip casual. Crepe sole and golosh. In black or brown 97/8*



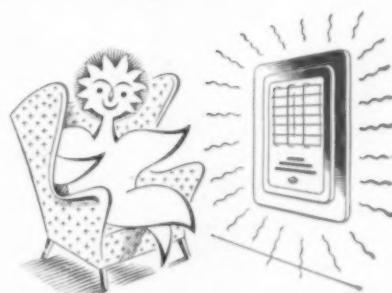
# Morlands

Sheepskin-lined Boots & Slippers



*Hey!  
turn it up*

There's no need to leave a fellow out in the cold when all you have to do is to turn on a tap. That's the beauty of a Gas Fire—it gives you a flood of warmth without waiting, without work, and without waste. For the rooms where you want warmth quickly—bedrooms, nursery and so on—a Gas Fire is the perfect answer. Where you want more continuous heating—the sitting room, say—the Gas-ignited Coke Fire is economical and labour saving, and can be banked up to keep in overnight. Wherever you want warmth, Gas and Coke, the two smokeless fuels, can do the job. Ask your Gas showrooms for details of types, models and easy terms.



*This is an example of a panel-type Gas Fire—all the pleasure of instant cheerful warmth with no work or smoke.*

# Mr THERM-mother's daily help





## HOW A BUSY EXECUTIVE FOUND TIME TO GET FRESH

A BUSY CHAP THIS ONE! But is he hot and bothered? Not he! . . . not since he discovered the freshening-up properties of Prince Gourielli preparations! This exclusive range includes Shaving Cream, After-Shave, Tonic Hair Groom and Cologne, Soap and Talcum . . . all with a rugged, man-alive scent. They're available in handsome cocktail-shaker flasks, or non-spill plastic bottles, from half a guinea. Or (women-folk please note for Christmas!) there's a choice of Travel Kits, each containing three preparations. Now, our hero faces the morning-after—anything, cool and alert. An evening refresher course with his Prince Gourielli kit—and he's revived and invitingly nice to know! From good-class stores and chemists.



**PRINCE  
GOURIELLI**  
*Toilet Preparations for Men*

Proprietors and Distributors: Helena Rubinstein Ltd., 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1

Freddie Trueman and Peter Haigh explain to Katie Boyle:



## How 'Philishave' Rotary Action gives a closer shave—in comfort

"My goodness, Peter, that's certainly some shave. However d'you manage it?"

"I don't — the 'Philishave' does."

"Well, there must be something pretty special about it, that's all I can say."

"There is — Rotary Action. None of that slipping and pulling, you see, because the blades rotate."

"So it's much easier on the skin?"

"I'll say it is! Closer, too, because first the shaving head gently stretches the skin — so the blades can get right down to the job. Correct, Freddie?"

"Absolutely on the ball!"



**£7.14.2**

(tax paid)

complete with case.  
For A.C. & D.C. mains,  
110-130 and 200-250 v.

FREE MONOGRAMS

Philips offer — free — an attractive gilt initial for attaching to the case of every 'Philishave' now purchased. Ask your dealer about it!

**PHILIPS PHILISHAVE**

—THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE

Philips Electrical Ltd • Century House



Shaftsbury Avenue • London • WC2

RADIO & TELEVISION RECEIVERS  
LAMPS & LIGHTING

RADIOGRAMS & RECORD PLAYERS  
EQUIPMENT, ETC.

(PS662P)

## SANDEMAN SHERRY

You'll be proud  
to serve it  
from the bottle . . .  
it's real Sherry  
from Spain

Two fine Sherrys from the Sandeman Bodegas at Jerez —  
"AMONTILLADO"  
medium dry 21/- a bottle  
"BROWN BANG"  
rich Oloroso 23/- a bottle

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



# Ski forecast



For clothes and equipment that add to the joys – and your poise – on the slippery slopes . . . the Simpson Sports Centre. Here you'll find they take an *active* interest in ski-ing. Already their experts have toured the sports resorts for new ideas in gear, new styles to wear on the ski-run and afterwards. Call in and see them before you set out for the snow.

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd  
London W1 Telephone Regent 2002

**MARTELL**  
**CORDON BLEU**  
*The most popular Liqueur Brandy*



'PULFORD'  
£16. 19. 6  
cover as shown.

### MAY WE POST YOU OUR CATALOGUE?

Our catalogue, containing full details and illustrations of seventeen Parker-Knoll models, will be sent free on request. Don't delay, write today to: The Courtyard, Frogmoor, High Wycombe, Bucks.

# PARKER-KNOLL

**have comfort taped**

EVERY GENUINE PARKER-KNOLL MODEL BEARS A  
NAME-TAPE ALONG THE SEAT FRAME

#### Showrooms:

LONDON: 234, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1.

Also at: 3 Barton Square, St. Ann's Square, Manchester  
35 Park Street, Bristol; 43 Temple Street, Birmingham  
and High Wycombe.



## Stained glass triumph

**N**O house in Boxley Wood is like any other house. Box Wood House is typically different.

Seclusion (the nearest neighbour is almost forty feet away, behind a yew hedge) and an italianate picturesqueness have endeared it successively to two company directors, a best-selling authoress and a civil engineer.

The timid lady author, although aware of the dangers of such isolation, lived in the comparatively crime-free thirties, and died unbursed and unmolested.

The civil engineer has been less fortunate. In a recent wave of burglaries, he lost eight silver-plated golf trophies, a pair of diamond cuff links and his six-figure log tables. By the time he called in Chubb, his civility was wearing thin.

The man from Chubb was as courteous as ever. Door locks, he explained, even by Chubb were not enough in such a quiet neighbourhood, if windows were left unfastened. For a few shillings each, simple but well-nigh impregnable Chubb window catches could be fitted.

"To any sort of window?" asked the mollified engineer, pointing to the round-headed stained-glass landing window. "Even that ridiculous item?"

"Even that," said the Man from Chubb.

A visit from the Man from Chubb is rarely necessary. Any ironmonger displaying the Chubb sign will show you window catches and locks to meet the ordinary need. But if your valuables call for stronger security measures or present special problems, don't hesitate to write or telephone to Chubb & Son's Lock and Safe Co. Ltd., 175-176 Tottenham Court Road, London W.1 (MUSEum 5822).

DON'T LEAVE IT TO CHANCE  
—LEAVE IT TO CHUBB

# Sumrie

... of course



COME AND SEE the NEW Sumrie Shop for Men at Robinson & Cleaver in Regent Street which is now open for the man whose clothes *must be good—really good*. Here he will discover a new conception of the art of being clothed *immediately* and immaculately within a moderate budget.

100 or so fittings in all sizes in superb 'Golden Grade' materials.

**THE NEW SUMRIE SHOP FOR MEN**

at Robinson & Cleaver, Regent Street, London, W.1  
AND AT OTHER GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

## FRESH APPROACH TO PIPE SMOKING

Ask your tobacconist for Capstan Navy Cut Medium in the 2 oz. airtight tin. Vacuum packing brings this superb tobacco to you at its best and the screw-on lid keeps it fresh to the last pipeful.

Try Capstan yourself. You'll soon appreciate its rich, fresh flavour. It's good—but then it's sure to be—it's made by Wills.

At 4/9½d an ounce—the 2 oz. airtight tin is 9/7d—Capstan tobacco really gives you a fresh view of smoking. Ask your tobacconist.



Also in Full Strength

CT.138

# BURNETT'S WHITE SATIN GIN



This is  
the unique  
bottle

- with the  
distinctive  
label

- and the  
smoothest  
Gin you can  
put in  
a glass

It's as smooth as satin

—and costs no more than ordinary gins!

Available in all sizes

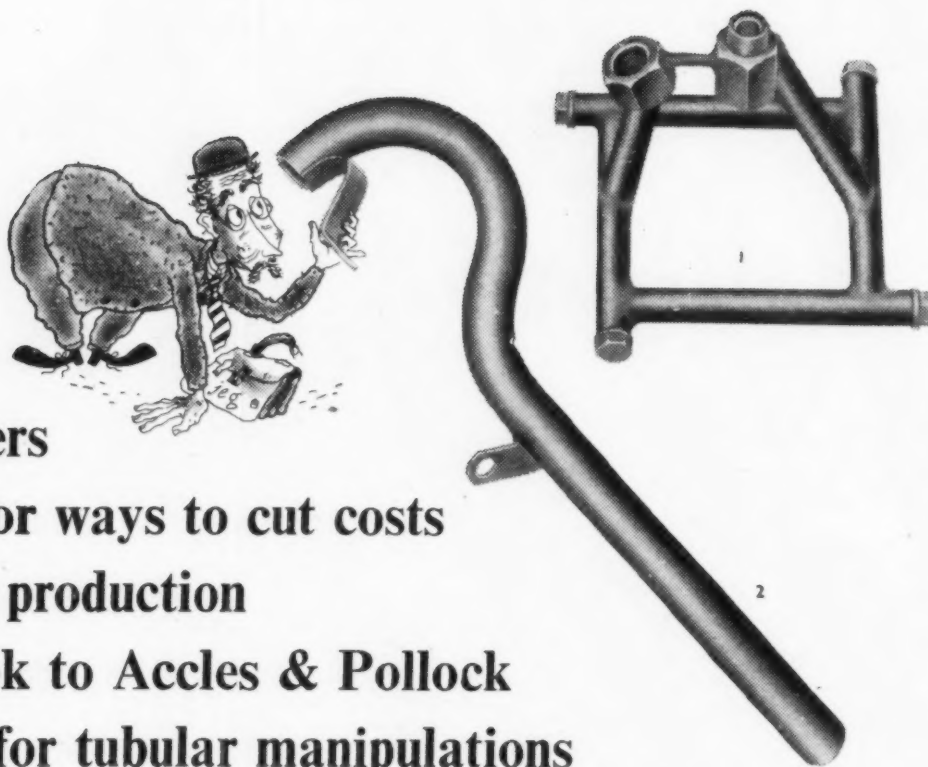




No, this is not an advertisement for the Folies Bergere or for a film. The purpose of those high-kicking legs is to bring your attention down to a more prosaic form of can-canning—in short, to the subject of cans with fruit or vegetables in them. During 1955 fourteen tins of canned fruit per head were bought and twenty-nine tins of canned vegetables—in the case of fruit an increase of 75%, and in the case of vegetables of 54% on the 1953 figures. It may be fairly claimed that these increases were largely due to advertising, and a little mental arithmetic suggests that the market is far from saturated. There's certainly more work for advertising here.

**RCN**  
advertising

Managing Director, E. G. Walker



## Manufacturers looking for ways to cut costs of production should look to Accles & Pollock for tubular manipulations

It has happened times without number—it still happens every week—that a job that used to be complicated and costly (or even too difficult to contemplate producing by ordinary means) has become simple and relatively inexpensive when tackled in steel tubes made by Accles & Pollock.

It is one of the many advantages of steel tubes that, in the hands of Accles & Pollock, they are so versatile in their shapes and applications. When you add to that the saving in weight, the gain in strength, and the elimination of much machining and assembly time it is not to be wondered at that overall costs so often come down. If you will consult Accles & Pollock with the problem they can usually provide a good answer, not only in straight and straightforward tubing, but in tubing shaped, manipulated, or fabricated to meet any precise special need.

## Accles & Pollock LTD

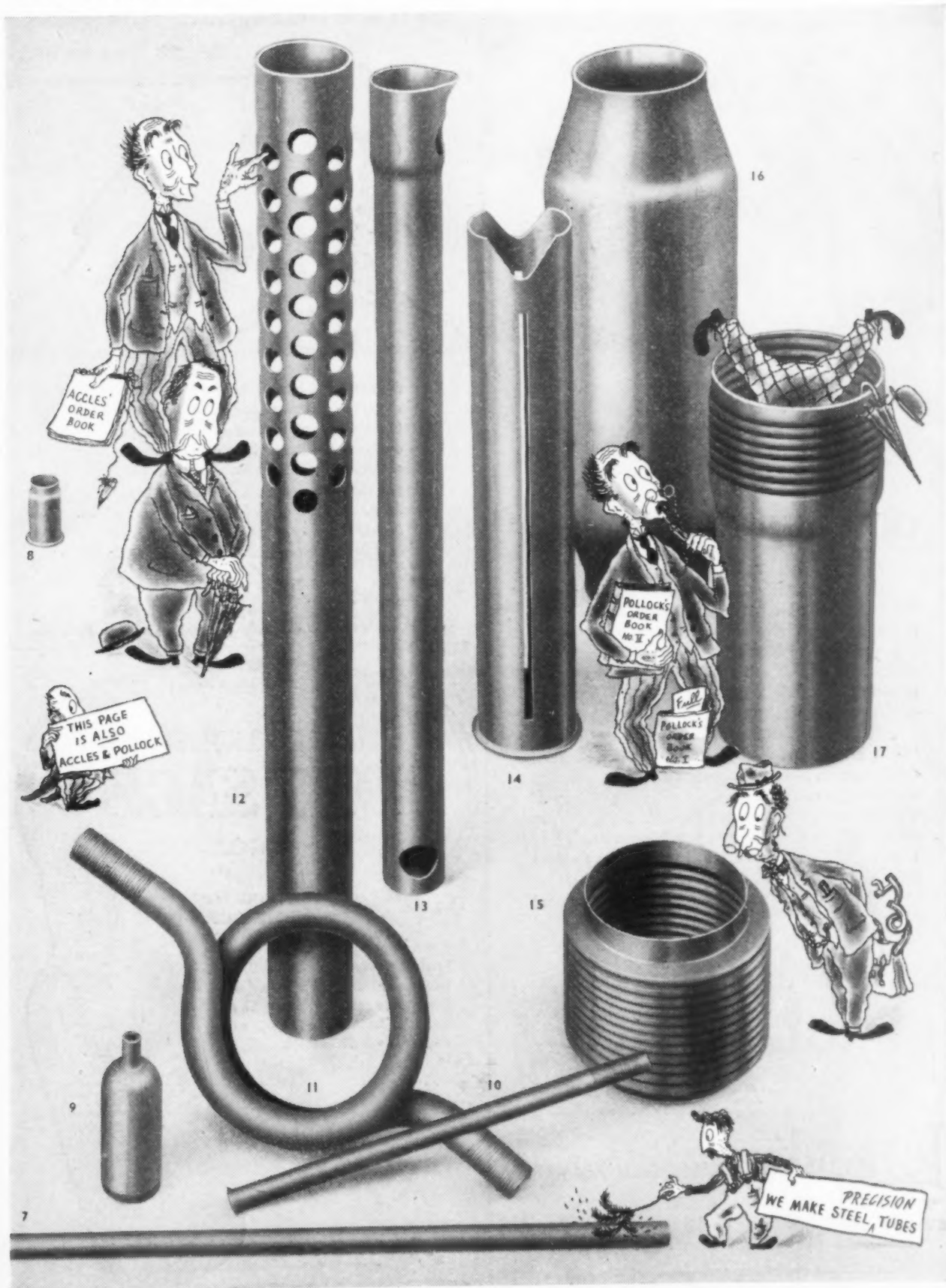
OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM · A  COMPANY

Makers and manipulators of precision tubes in plain carbon, alloy and stainless steels, and other metals.

- |                                                 |                                                |                                                                                                   |
|-------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 Tubular burner for field kitchens             | 9 Steel bottle for blood transfusion apparatus | 15 Annularly convoluted seamless stainless steel tubing—component part of flexible joint assembly |
| 2 Car crankcase vent outlet tube                | 10 Motor-car dipstick tube                     | 16 Fire extinguisher body tube                                                                    |
| 3 Textile dyeing cone                           | 11 Bull ring syphon bend                       | 17 Oil exploration shot-hole casing                                                               |
| 4 Vacuum cleaner component                      | 12 Barrel casing tube for sub-machine gun      |                                                                                                   |
| 5 Electric light bulb holder                    | 13 Refrigerator component                      |                                                                                                   |
| 6 Valve spring body tube for hydraulic pit prop | 14 Motor-car hand brake cover tube             |                                                                                                   |
| 7 Plunger tube—textile industry                 |                                                |                                                                                                   |
| 8 Component used on aircraft instrument panel   |                                                |                                                                                                   |



THIS MATCH GIVES SCALE TO TUBES



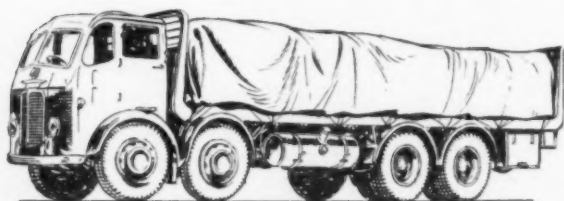


## What does an octopus consume?

Of course, if it's the bad type deep-sea octopus, the answer is . . . "Far too much". For after a gargantuan hors d'œuvre of mussels, it goes on wolfing crabs and lobsters till the sea-cows come home! When necessary, it will dog its next meal from rock to rock with cat-like ease, but it generally prefers to operate on firm level tracts of ocean bed.

The equally well-known 'Octopus'—the Leyland 'Octopus'—is not so fussy. These 8-wheeled diesel trucks operate with untroubled ease on practically any sort of surface. To those who don't know 'Octopus' working costs, their low fuel consumption figures are almost unbelievable. Carrying a full payload of 17 tons, an 'Octopus' will normally average 10 trouble-free miles a gallon . . . till the cows come home!

Don't take our word for it; ask any 'Octopus' operator.



**Leyland** FOR ECONOMICAL TRANSPORT

LEYLAND MOTORS · LEYLAND · LANCS · ENGLAND  
Sales Division: Hanover House, Hanover Square, London, W.1

## 'So it's Switzerland this year, Miss Travers!'



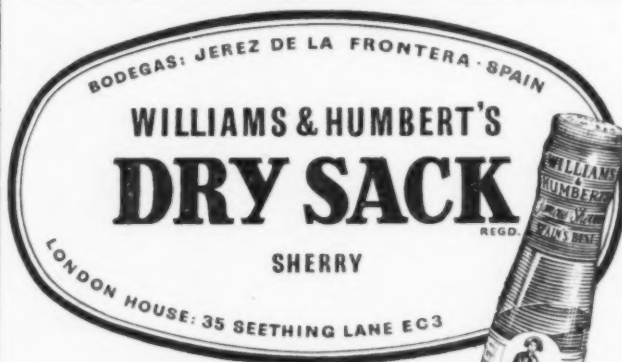
A2

At Martins we like to take a personal interest in each one of our customers, and by making banking a friendly family service we have created an atmosphere in which our customers feel they can discuss their special problems at ease. As to facilities, we provide every kind plus the convenience of over 600 branches.

Please ask at any of our branches for a copy of our booklet 'Opening an account at Martins Bank' or write for one to 4 Water Street, Liverpool 2

## Martins Bank

MARTINS BANK LIMITED



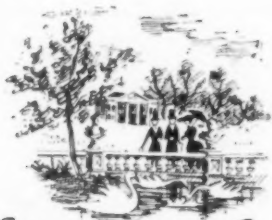
For over 50 years DRY SACK—Spain's famous Medium Dry Sherry—has been a popular favourite throughout the world. Available also, of course, in half bottles.



*Spain's Best*







*A distinctive contribution to  
the art of gracious living*



PLAYER'S

**"PERFECTOS FINOS"**

PERFECTOS FINOS 50's 15/6 100's 31/-  
PERFECTOS No. 2 50's 12/6 100's 25/-



## CALLING ALL TYCOONS AND OTHER PROPS OF INDUSTRY

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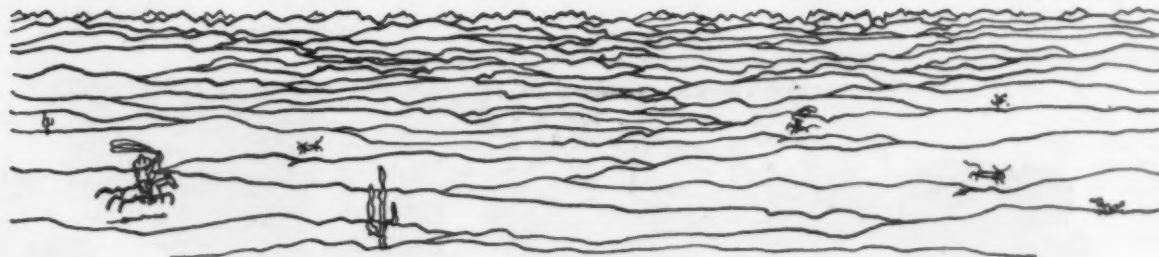
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## TRANSATLANTIVARIA

In last week's wilderness of U.K. public opinion many voices cried shrilly, but no reliable thought-molder arose to tell the nation if its brink-shooting Priminister was man, muddler or maniac. Ensure whether their team was playing cricket or Russian roulette, Britons could only switch on their TV sets nightly and hope for a solid lead from telesage **Gilbert Harding**.

While election-torn Washington failed to get overly excited at the prospect of powder-burns on the Pyramids, London's under-shot-jawed **Anthony Eden**, longtime exponent of government by gab, hurtled an old-fashioned ultimatum at **David Ben-Gurion**, Israel's stubby, cricket-shirted, barbed-wire-slinging latter-day Moses, and Egypt's glitter-grinned beefcake boy, **Gamel Abdul Nasser**. Rumor had it that Eden, miffed over reneging reservists (300 went sulkily A.W.O.L. after leave from B.A.O.R.) hit on this trick to slash back at footloose tommies; believes the next draft for Germany will report to a man, rather than risk a redcap escort to the Land of the Pharaohs.

Fish-cold, cask-high, Riviera-dwelling **William Somerset Maugham**, man of letters and one-time medical practitioner, dubbed best-seller of our time, has as runner-up for this high office one **Enid Mary Blyton**, prolific peddler of popular toddler-fodder, whose high

rating, theorize London publishing circles, is due in no small part to her "Noddy in Toyland" yarns printed in strip form on cereal packets. Said Maugham, cornered by reporters, "I plan to come right back at Miss Blyton with cut-out pin-ups of **Sadie Thompson**."

British medics took a swipe at Westminster's choicest doll, politician-ette **Pat Hornsby-Smith**, charged that she made a party publicity plank out of Tory polio-policy. Bleated the healers: "Medicine must be taken out of politics." Labor propagandists, shackled to their mammoth in-the-red National Health Service, would welcome a shilling prescription for this.

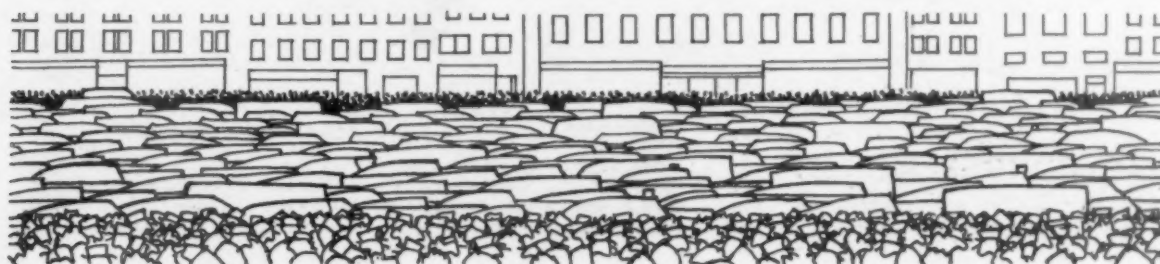
Lately cowering in the eye of a class hurricane: **John Robert Russell**, 13th Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Tavistock, Baron Russell of Thornhaugh and Baron Howland of Streatham—all one guy, believe it or not—for brashly disparaging British dustmen in a bout of gabbing to school-kids at Dunstable, Eng. Dukes and Dustmen being a favorite alliterative combination among social dialecticians in the Land of the Free, spokesmen in both camps swung into a correspondence-column free-for-all, and the issue had gotten well confused by the time a Lord's Day Observance Society propagandist slapped the blue-bloods with a cool kiss-off: "Anyway, we never

get complaints about dustmen playing polo on Sunday."

When last Thursday's Middle East toing-and-froing was at its most frenzied, correspondence in London's fourpenny, jam-pack-printed, gentlefolksy *Times* was headed by Pilgrim-Truster **Baron Kilmaine**, with a recipe for removing stains from silver. Editor **Sir William Haley**, after conning a couple of foreign dispatches, was hoping for a follow-up doing the same for escutcheons.

Reported selling in jigtime to forward-looking Christmas stockists are **Marilyn Monroe** dollies incorporating fully-formed figures, nylons, costume jewelry and open-toed sling-backs. Gift-market seers say the accessories are the big attraction, foretell a stream of model divorce lawyers, Reno going-away outfits and sad-looking, Leftwing, playwriting intellectuals.

Future of balding (41), eye-patch-sporting, Old Testamentalizing **Moshe Dayan**, pudgy C.-in-C. of 1956-style Children of Israel, hangs only partly on events around Mount Sinai and points west. With a general's ranking, Dayan's pay is \$3,500 annually, and U.S. promotion experts say that, even if the one-eyed warrior fails to deliver the Children, there is a bigger offer waiting from the ad. department of Hathaway Shirts.





# CONGRESSIONAL

GOD of the U.S. way of life,  
 Lord of our far-flung export trade,  
 Who saw us settle Europe's strife  
 With mercy and with Marshall Aid—  
 Lord God of Dollars, bless us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The rocking and the rolling dies;  
 The traffic jams for fifty blocks;  
 Still stands our current sacrifice,  
 The bullion buried at Fort Knox.  
 Lord God of Dollars, bless us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!



# A Map of THE UNITED STATES EMPIRE

*And Spheres of Influence and Infiltration*

UNION OF SOVIET  
SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

CHINESE  
REPUBLIC

JAPAN

OKINAWA  
FORMOSA

AUSTRALIA

NEW  
ZEALAND

oil

Trade routes

Principal Cultural Influences

U.S. Nuclear testing grounds

Principal  
Radio Stations

G.I. Concentration

Fall-out area

U.S. Balloons

Norman Mansbridge

Far-called, our pilots cleave the air,  
Or pace down Piccadilly's length:  
We may look weak in Delaware,  
But dig our European strength!  
Help us dispose each savior jet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, by some intellectual flaw,  
We find our arrogance decline  
To lesser breeds without the law  
Below the Mason-Dixon Line—  
Lord God of Whites, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For sponsor firm that puts its trust  
In glowing tube and turning platter,  
For pin-up with projecting bust  
And salesman with suggestive patter,  
For Foster Dulles, Faulkner, Ford,  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

# Oklahomov!

## KITTY, WAKE!

Adapted from Anton Chekhov's

### "The Seagull"

By RICHARD RODGERS and OSCAR HAMMIRSTEN II

#### CAST

MRS. ARCADY BROWN, a former burlesque artiste.  
CON, her son, a choreographer.  
PETE SORENSEN, her brother.  
MASHA, Pete's housekeeper.  
TRIGGER, a gossip-writer.  
DOC DORN, a doc.  
SEM, a schoolmaster.  
JAKE, a farmhand.  
KITTY, a neighbour.

The action takes place on Pete's farm by the shore of Lake Bogalusa, Mo.

#### ACT I

Evening. R.: PETE's stoop. C.: a clear view of the lake.  
L.: an open-air stage for amateur theatricals, behind whose transparent gauze curtain JAKE ceases hammering and begins to sing.



JAKE: Dusk efter dusk as the days go by,  
I seen a seagull, hoverin' high,  
Plumb in the middle o' the wide, wide sky;  
An' down by the long lake-shore I heard  
It a-callin' to a little ole female bird  
What'd flown up-river to die, to die,  
What'd flown up-river to die.  
An' I heard this seagull cry:

CHORUS (off-stage across lake):  
O wake, Kitty, wake, Kitty, wake,  
Where you dream by the shore o' the lake!  
The sea's as full o' fish  
As any gull could wish:  
There's flounder an' there's halibut an' hake.  
Fly home, Kitty, home, Kitty, home,  
Where the summer waves is winkin' as they break!  
There's sof-shell crab,  
Abalone, scrod an' dab,  
So wake, Kitty, wake, Kitty, wake!



Masha

By PAUL DEHN

Enter SEM and MASHA. She carries a snuff-box in one hand and a demijohn of applejack in the other.

SEM: Whidja always wear black, Mash?

MASHA (taking snuff): I'm in mournin' fer my life.

SEM: O what a beautiful mournin',  
Black as a Fishin' Crow's head.  
I gotta beautiful feelin'  
Somebody oughta be dead.

I bin to the cemetery, Mash.

MASHA: Whut's it like there, Sem?

SEM: All the statues is standin' like cattle,  
All the statues is standin' like cattle.  
They don't give a hoot as they see me pass by,  
But a little brown maggit is winkin' her eye:



O what a beautiful mournin',  
Blacker 'n funeral bread.  
I gotta beautiful feelin'  
Somebody oughta be dead.

MASHA (swigging applejack): Somebody like me?

SEM: Gee, no, Mash. Mebbe I'm only a egg-head, teachin' school, but you're real purty, an' I want you livin' an' warm.

MASHA (taking snuff): I'm livin'. (Swigging applejack) I'm warm. (She dances for ten minutes, while SEM looks on admiringly. Then she stops and peers at outdoor stage.) Ballet's about ter begin.

SEM: Yep. Writ by Con an' danced by Kitty. They're in love, Mash, like you an' me should be, so it oughta be good . . . an' livin' an' warm.

Enter PETE SORENSEN in a wheel-chair and CON.

CON: Hi.

SEM: Hi.

MASHA: Hi. (A pause) Give a holler, afore the curtain goes up, Con.

Exit SEM and MASHA

CON: Time Kitty wuz here—ef she's 'scaped her Pop and Stepmomma. Gee, Uncle Pete, they watch her closer'n a turkey-buzzard watches a dead 'possum.

PETE: Why's your Mom so low in her spirits, Con?

CON: Guess it's cuz she wuz wunst a dancer herself, Uncle Pete. Guess she's crazy-mad at me writing a ballet fer Kitty.

PETE: You're jest edgy, Con. Why, your Momma loves you like a ground-hog loves the spring.

CON: Then why's she took up with that sonofabitch, Trigger? An' him a newspaperman! A colyumnist! Gee, there's Kitty!

Enter KITTY.

KITTY: Hi.

PETE: Hi.

CON: Hi.

*A pause.*

KITTY: I bin so skeered all day. I wuz afeared Poppa'd never let me come. But efter milkin' time he went up-town to Grauman's joint with Stepmomma. There wuz a red glow in the sky. The moon wuz beginnin' to rise, an' I whipped up the horses as fast as I could.

CON: Gee.

KITTY: When the moon was swimmin' on the rim o' the wood, I stood an' I listened an' I listened an' I stood, Then I whipped up the horses as fast as I could—  
*Am I late for my date, Mister Brown?*  
It wuz Love said Giddyap, giddyap, git!  
It wuz Love drove the buggy at a lickerty-split,  
It wuz Love held the snaffle an' the curb an' the bit—  
*Am I late for my date, Mister Brown?*

The stars wuz shinin' in a mackerel sky,  
The sun wuz leavin' fer Norway.  
An' jest as I wished I could fly, fly, fly,  
WHY . . . there you wuz in the doorway.



It wuz Love drove the buggy at a clip-clop-clip,  
It wuz Love raised a lather at the flick o' the whip,  
It wuz Love, it wuz Love, it wuz Love let her RIP  
As I high-stepped into Town—  
*Am I late . . . for my date . . . Mister Brown?*

CON: Why no, Kitty. You're plumb on time for the ballet.  
Mash says fer us ter give a holler when we're ready.

PETE (*tactfully*): I'll go give a holler. (*He wheels himself off.*)

CON: We're alone, Kitty.

KITTY: My Poppa don't like me to come here. He's skeered o' my becomin' a ballet-dancer. But I guess that don't stop me head'n fer the lake, each evenin', like a . . . like a . . . gee! like a seagull.

JAKE (*behind gauze curtain*):

What'd flown up-river to die, to die,  
What'd flown up-river to die.  
An' I heard this seagull cry . . .

CON: O wake, Kitty, wake, Kitty, wake,  
Where you dream by the shore o' the lake!  
The world's as full o' guys  
As a tater's full of eyes,  
An' ev'ry guy's another heart to break.  
So come here, Kitty, here, Kitty, here,  
Like a dear little duck to its drake.  
If the only guy you see  
Should be me, me, me,  
Won't you wake, Kitty, wake, Kitty, wake?

*Enter MRS. ARCADY arm-in-arm with TRIGGER (who carries a reporter's notebook), followed by PETE, DOC DORN, SEM and MASHA. They seat themselves round the outdoor-stage, behind which KITTY retires.*

MRS. A.: C'mon. Let's get it over.

CON (*giving her a bitter look*): Jake! Heave up that curtain!

*Gauze curtain rises on a BALLET (devised by Agnes de Mille from a Burmese translation of Nina's Act I speech in "The Seagull") with lions, eagles, partridges, antlered deer, geese, spiders, starfish, cranes, cockchafers, Alexander the Great, Caesar, Shakespeare, Napoleon, the meanest of leeches and KITTY. After twenty minutes, Daniel Boone appears in a cloud of smoke.*



MRS. A.: (*coughing*): Sufferin' catfish!

CON: They ain't catfish. They're starfish.

MRS. A.: Hey, Doc. I'm asphyxiatin'!

DOC (*curtly*): Take valerian drops.

CON (*furious*): Jake! Haul down that curtain! Ballet's over.

*He stalks angrily backstage.*

MRS. A.: Landsakes, this stinkin' modern stuff gives me a pain in the—

TRIG.: Let me git you a cushion, honey.

MRS. A.: Whut did you think of it, Trig? Better'n me at Grauman's?

TRIG.: I got pros and cons, Baby. Kitty's a pro— (*hastily*) but Con's a con. (*Writing on pad.*) Make a note.

MRS. ARCADY *laughs fit to split.*

DOC: Con wuz only tryin' fer ter please you, Mrs. Arcady.

MRS. A.: Then why couldn't he choose sump'n more pleasurable? Why couldn't he choose an *ordinary* play?

Jake! Heave up that curtain! (*She mounts the outdoor stage.*)

Wunst I wuz took by a feller

To a play called "History's Cage"

Where the scenery wuz painted yellor

An' the people spoke in masks—off-stage.

The music wuz played by a 'cheller

With pauses fer a-turnin' of the page,

An' we sat, an' we sat, an' we SAT in a cellar

Till I left in the heller-va

Rage.

O I *do* like an ordi-nary play.

Nuth'n new, but an ordi-nary play

'Bout a boy name o' Bud an' a girl name o' Shirl

An' the girl meets the boy (or the boy meets the girl)

An' Bud'll make a muddle an' Shirl be in a whirl

Till an Act III huddle, when they kiss an' they cuddle,

An' my heart says "Hi!" an' my insides curl,

As the Curtain gits in the way . . .

*The gauze curtain, descending, half-stuns her.*

O I *do* . . . like . . . an Ordinary Play.



*She totters off on TRIGGER's arm, followed by SEM and PETE.*

MASHA (*taking snuff*): Doc, can I tellya sump'n?

DOC: Sure, Mash.

MASHA: I . . . I . . . (*swigging applejack*):

I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love  
I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love  
I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love I'm in love  
I'm in love with a wonderful guy.



DOC: Sem sure must be a wonderful guy to be all that in love with.

MASHA: Not Sem! (*taking snuff and swigging applejack simultaneously*) I'm in love with—atishoo! hic!

DOC: With who, Mash?

MASHA: With Con!

*She passes out, as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

## ACT II

*The boathouse, next morning. PETE, asleep in his wheel-chair. Enter DOC DORN.*

DOC: Hi.

PETE (*waking with a start*): Hell, Doc, don't do that. Now you given me one o' my dizzy spells.

DOC: Take valerian drops.

PETE: Doc, you ever pree-scribe anyth'n but those dang-busted drops?

DOC: Guess not.

PETE: Tell me, Doctor, whut'll I do  
If my blood-pressure suddenly flops  
An' my skin turns green  
As a Lima Bean?

DOC: Take valerian drops.

PETE: But tell me, Doctor, whut'll I do  
If my right-hand ear-drum pops  
An' my tongue turns grey  
As a Pittsburgh day?

DOC: Take valerian drops.

PETE: I'm one o' them guys  
Sans teeth, sans eyes  
(*Fergive my gittin' Shakespearean*)  
But I wanna feel spry  
As a Florida fly . . .

DOC: Ain't nuth'n like valerian.

PETE: But tell me, Doctor, whut'll you do  
If my breathin' suddenly stops  
An' both eyes close  
An' I decompose?

DOC: I'll still be feelin' tops,  
'Cuz I'll take valerian drops.

*He wheels PETE off as KITTY enters, reading TRIGGER's gossip-column in the "Bogalusa Courier."*



KITTY (*reading*): "What local cutie c'd hoof her way into the Big Time, ef she pulled the right Trigger?"

*Enter TRIGGER with notebook and fishing-tackle.*

Gee, Mr. Trigger. I wuz jest thinkin'—you write beautiful.

TRIG.: An' I wuz jest thinkin'—you're right beautiful.  
(*She screams with appreciative laughter.*) Make a note.

KITTY: D'you make a note of *everythin'*, Mr. Trigger.

TRIG.: Sure do. Guess it's bein' a liter-ary man. (*Waving rod and line*) I fish an' I fish, an' whatever comes up, I make a note.

KITTY: When I wuz little, I used ter fish fer the moon.

TRIG. (*taking both her hands in his*): I got my moon.

KITTY (*taking both his hands in hers*): Gee.

TRIG.: I got my moon, I got my sun,  
I got my Baby Remington,  
I got my hook, I got my bait, I got my boat  
(*Make a note, make a note, make a note!*)  
I got the dawn, I got the dew,  
I got my Parker 52,  
I got my rod, I got my line, I got my float  
(*Make a note, make a note, make a note!*)

The task I set myself is solemn:

To fish up what oughta stay down.

That's why my-Syndicated Column

Is the fishiest column in town.

I got my news, I got my name,  
I got my dough, I got my dame,  
I got my eighty-seven readers by the throat—  
*Make a note, make a note! END QUOTE!*

*He sits down in the boat, and rocks it.*

KITTY: But I thought Mrs. Arcady wuz your dame.

TRIG.: That old bag? Gee, honey baby, I meant whut I writ in my column. With me fer your Press Agent you c'd really go places. Number One dates, your own dressin'-room, domestic champagne outa Sears Roebuck slippers. All the trimmin's. You jest gotta do one thing, honey baby, ter be a real Premmyair Dansooz.

KITTY: Whut one thing?

TRIG. (*seizing her hungrily*): Press the Trigger!

*There is a deafening explosion and, from the sky, a Mandt's Horn-billed Guillemot falls dead at their feet. A second*



*later, CON passes them, a still-smoking blunderbuss in his hand, as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

## ACT III

*Pete's parlour, one night two years later. PETE, MRS. ARCADY, MASHA and SEM playing gin-rummy. CON, writing*



at a hickory table D.S. left. The wind hotels, except when anyone is singing.

PETE: Stick.

MRS. A.: Twist.

MASHA (taking snuff): Buy. (Swigging applejack) Bust.

CON (writing): Glissade, assemblée, pas-de-bourrée . . .

Enter TRIGGER.

TRIG.: Kitty's back in town. Cut me in.

MRS. A. (suspicious): You seen her?

TRIG.: No. She cut me out. (MRS. ARCADY is convulsed.) Make a note.

REPRISE: "Make a note!"

Efter two years, she given me the bird.

2ND REPRISE: "Kitty, Wake!"

MRS. A.: I heerd you given her a baby, Trig. Buy fer one.

TRIG.: It died. Twist.

MASHA: Died the same day I married Sem. I went into mournin'. (Swigging applejack) Bust.

REPRISE: "O what a beautiful mournin'!"

CON: Brisé-volé, pas-de-chat, pas-de-chat royale! Gee, that's a right purty enchainement.

MRS. A.: Whut's Kitty doin' in town?

TRIG.: Actin' in some ordinary play.

REPRISE: "I do like an ordinary play!"

PETE: Babies ain't skeered o' dyin'. Only old men. I'm skeered.

DOC: Take valerian drops.

REPRISE: "Take valerian drops."

MRS. A.: What you wanna take, Pete, is solids. C'mon in ter supper, everybody. There's gumbo, scrapple, chowder an' grits. You eatin', Con?

CON: No, I ain't hungry. I gotta envision the over-all choreographic motivation fer Act Five.

Exeunt all except CON. Enter KITTY through French window, in a flurry of snow.



KITTY: Hi.

CON: Hi.

A pause.

KITTY: Thought you might be eatin' supper, Con. Feared I'd be late.

REPRISE: "Am I late for my date, Mister Brown?" Bein' back's like a dream. A good dream efter a bad dream.

3RD REPRISE: "Kitty, Wake!"

CON: What've you bin doin', Kitty?

KITTY: When Junior passed over, I took ter dancin', Con. Trig promised he'd get me into the Big Time . . . an' now I'm at Grauman's, playin' a girl what had always wanted ter be a Premmyair Dansooz. (Shyly) I dance your steps, Con—the same what you writ fer me two



Trigger

years ago, remember? Shall I dance them fer you again, Con—on the old stage by the lake, in the snow?

CON: Sure, Kitty. You do that.

Exeunt CON and KITTY, to distant chorus singing:

4TH REPRISE: "Kitty, Wake!"

The others come in from supper.

MRS. A.: Shall we git on with the game?

MASHA (taking snuff): Where's Con?

SEM (sharply): Whut's it ter you where Con is?

MASHA: I love him. An' efter two years of hell as your ever-lovin' wife, I wanna make him start lovin' me. (Swigging applejack) I'm stinkin'.

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

Oh how I wanna make that man!

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

Oh how I wanna make that man!

How I wanna make that man!

Wow! I wanna make that man!

Now I wanna make that man,

I wanna make that man ef I can.

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

I wanna make that man start lovin' me now

Oh how I wanna make that man!

I wanna make, etc.

She seizes Con's blunderbuss from the wall and stalks into the night. There is a deafening explosion. TRIGGER, notebook in hand, rushes to the window.

MRS. A.: Con O.K.?

TRIG.: Yeah. Masha's shot herself. Make a note.

The wind dies down. From across the lake, through the open window, a distant chorus is heard singing:

CHORUS: Where the frozen lake is sleepin',

Hear that mournful sound.

All the Kittiwakes is weepin':

Masha's in the cold, cold ground.

Enter CON and KITTY, arm-in-arm and smiling radiantly.

ALL: Let her lay by the shore o' the lake, Far away from the halibut an' hake.

The years is slippin' by

An' there's other fish ter fry,

So wake, Kitty, wake, Kitty, wake!

FIFTEEN SLOW CURTAINS



# Monroe

By CLAUD COCKBURN

**O**BVIOUSLY any definitive reassessment of the role of the President in American Government—and never, surely, has such reassessment been more urgently required than in this fateful November of 1956, except in the fateful Novembers of 1952 and 1948—must of necessity take as its starting-point James Monroe.

To begin with, he was quite certainly the *fifth* President. Furthermore, he was the immediate successor to James Madison.

His Doctrine is well-known under the name of "The Monroe Doctrine" and requires no comment from us.

Suffice it merely to remind the student, for the sake of clarity, that in this connection the terms "Monroe" and "Doctrine" are incorrect and should not be used. The whole notion had been suggested to Monroe by somebody else, and the President did not mean it to be a Doctrine, but just a statement.

(Schouler tells the story of how a well-known Washington wag, hoping to "get a rise" out of the incumbent of the White House, said to him with affected solemnity "Mr. President, what was that Doctrine you came out with last night?" Quick as a flash came the reply: "That was no Doctrine, that was

my statement." The tale may be apocryphal, but it well illustrates the President's reputation for dry wit.)

John Quincy Adams did not, however, exaggerate when he remarked that it was Monroe's intention to point out to anyone who was interested that the Americas were "occupied by contiguous states." In other words, he wanted to explain that country A was next to country B, and so on.

This he did, on December 2, 1823. And in the far-off fog-shrouded city by the Thames, as *roués* and bucks foregathered at Almack's and Vauxhall Gardens, discussing the late Regency, Britain's George Canning unreservedly agreed.

A point had thus been reached in Anglo-American relations.

More important is the fact, mentioned by several biographers and never seriously questioned, that Monroe "had deep-set eyes." Though the first steamship had yet to sail from Bristol to New York, and many other developments due to occur some time had not yet occurred, the era of deep-set eyes, which was to leave so profound a mark upon American political life, had begun.

We have it on the authority of Washington Irving that President Madison, who—we are on solid ground here—was the fourth President, and had thus assumed office many years after the all-important invention of the cotton-gin, with its effects on cotton, was "wizened." It can be taken for granted that had Madison had deep-set eyes, Irving would have mentioned them.

Abraham Lincoln had "grey deep-set eyes" (Monroe's were "greyish blue," but the main trend is unmistakable), and so did most of these men of unswerving character and vision who in those years were blazing the trail which led, as can be seen in the perspective of history, directly to subsequent events.

Abuses there were, certainly—notably the notorious "Cedar Street Scandal" of 1887. Investigation eventually proved beyond a reasonable doubt that a man known to the underworld as "Popeye the Sailor"—apparently in reference to his activities as a dope-peddler on the Hoboken Ferry—had, by systematic corruption of witnesses and falsification



"But it seems so darned un-American him saying 'Pop' before he can say 'Mom!'"

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For the country as a whole those were halcyon days. By 1900 the events of 1899 were already in the past, and the Panama Canal had not been dug. There must have been many a placid citizen who supposed that the situation had come to stay. Many had even forgotten that it was a situation at all.

But they, like so many others before and since, had under-estimated the essential dynamic of American life. And before the century was a year old, everything had changed.

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Naturally, among old-fashioned folk voices were to be heard asking Whither America? Did James Knox Polk, for example, or Woodrow Wilson shake hands with themselves above their heads? The question was rightly seen as irrelevant, and members of a secret Back to Monroe movement were judged guilty by association and expelled from the State Department.

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Asked to comment on this suggestion, a Foreign Office spokesman in London paid a warm tribute to the former President. "We have had," he said, "our differences, notably at the time when our forces occupied and partially burned Washington, but they resulted in a definite clearing of the air."

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# Monroe

By CLAUD COCKBURN

**O**BVIOUSLY any definitive reassessment of the role of the President in American Government—and never, surely, has such reassessment been more urgently required than in this fateful November of 1956, except in the fateful Novembers of 1952 and 1948—must of necessity take as its starting-point James Monroe.

To begin with, he was quite certainly the *fifth* President. Furthermore, he was the immediate successor to James Madison.

His Doctrine is well-known under the name of "The Monroc Doctrine" and requires no comment from us.

Suffice it merely to remind the student, for the sake of clarity, that in this connection the terms "Monroe" and "Doctrine" are incorrect and should not be used. The whole notion had been suggested to Monroe by somebody else, and the President did not mean it to be a Doctrine, but just a statement.

(Schouler tells the story of how a well-known Washington wag, hoping to "get a rise" out of the incumbent of the White House, said to him with affected solemnity "Mr. President, what was that Doctrine you came out with last night?" Quick as a flash came the reply: "That was no Doctrine, that was

my statement." The tale may be apocryphal, but it well illustrates the President's reputation for dry wit.)

John Quincy Adams did not, however, exaggerate when he remarked that it was Monroe's intention to point out to anyone who was interested that the Americas were "occupied by contiguous states." In other words, he wanted to explain that country A was next to country B, and so on.

This he did, on December 2, 1823. And in the far-off fog-shrouded city by the Thames, as *roués* and bucks foregathered at Almack's and Vauxhall Gardens, discussing the late Regency, Britain's George Canning unreservedly agreed.

A point had thus been reached in Anglo-American relations.

More important is the fact, mentioned by several biographers and never seriously questioned, that Monroe "had deep-set eyes." Though the first steamship had yet to sail from Bristol to New York, and many other developments due to occur some time had not yet occurred, the era of deep-set eyes, which was to leave so profound a mark upon American political life, had begun.

We have it on the authority of Washington Irving that President Madison, who—we are on solid ground here—was the fourth President, and had thus assumed office many years after the all-important invention of the cotton-gin, with its effects on cotton, was "wizened." It can be taken for granted that had Madison had deep-set eyes, Irving would have mentioned them.

Abraham Lincoln had "grey deep-set eyes" (Monroe's were "greyish blue," but the main trend is unmistakable), and so did most of these men of unswerving character and vision who in those years were blazing the trail which led, as can be seen in the perspective of history, directly to subsequent events.

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INFLUENCE ON MEN'S CLOTHING



INCREASED ICE-CREAM CONSCIOUSNESS

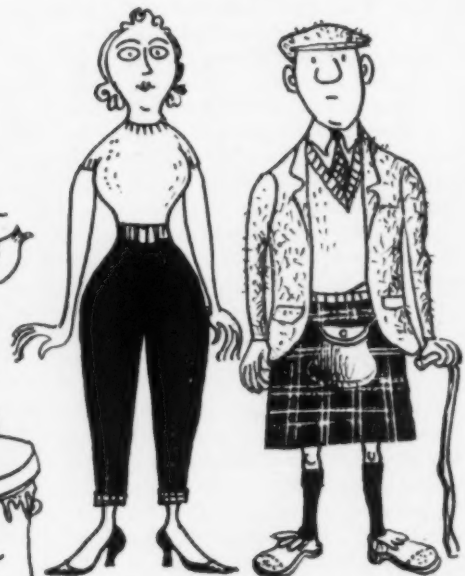


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THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN

TRANSATLANTIC INFLUENCES ON THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE

# Wake Up and Dream

By LORD KINROSS

WASHINGTON

**N**OBODY in New York goes to Harlem any more. It's not what it used to be, people say, now that the negroes have grown so prosperous. Besides, they add inconsequently, you are liable to be knifed there. Taking a chance on this, I drove in a taxi up to Harlem a few nights ago to a bar called the Baby Grand. Prosperity was evident, with the coloured ladies all slinky from the pages of *Vogue*, and the coloured gentlemen all swagger in tweed caps and hacking-jackets, perching on their bar stools like English racegoers on shooting-sticks. And the theme of the coloured singer, in his morning coat, was appropriately Peace.

He sang of "Our Father which art in Washington" and his great love for peace—the Peace in his blood, the Peace in his bones, the Peace in his soul, the Peace on his brain. But, with startling irreverence, he expressed doubts as to where and how this peace might be found, thumbing through the Manhattan telephone directory, and tearing its pages to pieces as he sang, in a vain and frenzied search for it.

Now in the America of to-day this kind of thing is Not Done. Nowhere but in the depths of Harlem could so unhealthy an irony be voiced in public. For Peace, following Prosperity, has become an Article of Faith with the American people. Mr. Eisenhower, in the first television broadcast of his presidential campaign, mentioned it twenty-seven times, ranging from "the personal kind of Peace that I possess—granted to me by the mercy of the Almighty," to the Peace of the World, which inspired him, in his inaugural pledge, to a kind of poetry:

"In our quest for an honourable peace  
We shall neither compromise, nor tire,  
nor ever cease."

To question its validity is thus an act of *lèse-majesté*, strongly smacking of sacrilege.

This America is a somewhat Victorian country. Millions of its people live in Victorian villas, and among the rest Victorian furniture is all the rage. It is a polite society, with stern social conventions and moral aspirations and romantic leanings, now caught up in a kind of wave of nineteenth-century

prosperity, which God is assumed to have had a good deal to do with. Watching benignly over the elections, in the guise of a President, we have seen, as it were, the dear Queen herself, in the evening of her days—with just an occasional whiff of the dear Duke of Wellington. There, presiding over the Republic, was a kind of constitutional monarch reigning in the odour of sanctity, whom not even the damndest of Radicals would dare openly contradict or displease.

Thus, outside the Baby Grand in Harlem, it has been a velvet-gloved, not to say a velvet-handed, election. For fear of displeasing the People Mr. Stevenson has dared not to question peace but only tentatively to propose another kind of it. For fear of displeasing Majesty he has been toning down his drafts: Mr. Eisenhower cannot lie, he is merely "guilty of a gross misstatement of fact"; his "fakery" boils down to no more than "sinister,

divisive talk." For fear of displeasing the neighbours large numbers of his supporters have not dared to admit that they intended to vote for him at all.

A shocked silence greeted the suggestion of an adviser that a small boy with a pea-shooter be planted in a Republican audience, to cause the President's hand to fly to his heart at a crucial moment. That would Not be the Thing. It has been an election almost without jokes. There was one about Nixon racing Eisenhower to the top of the Capitol steps, on inauguration. But it was considered in Bad Taste and was not repeated.

At the end of the Republican Congress at San Francisco a covey of Doves of Peace was released, as pure and as white as Picasso's. Terror-struck, the birds flew hither and thither among the banners, then found some way out—all but one, which dropped ominously dead at the feet of a spectator. The remainder of the doves seem to have found their





"So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea—and it damn near drove me crazy."

way into the branches of the autumn-tinted trees of Washington, where they coo away happily day and night, lulling the people into Peaceful dreams and so helping to build up a brave new United States of Euphoria. The dead dove is never spoken of; these are things one Doesn't Mention; the portent is as forgotten as the fact that Dollie, the Republican baby elephant, was killed in a road accident on its way back from the Convention.

So all America is Feeling Fine. The candidates have seldom stopped saying how Fine they Feel. Their doctors, for ever in attendance, confirm these feelings of theirs at medical press conferences: Mr. Eisenhower's thirteen (perhaps an ominous number); Mr. Stevenson's, announcing the fine results of a check-up on his patient "from skull to toe," and denying Mr. Nixon's ungentlemanly insinuation that he has only one kidney (he has two); Mr. Kefauver's, making announcements almost hourly: "The Senator is suffering from respiratory trouble. That's a cold . . . The Senator took a throat spray. His respiratory trouble showed immediate signs of easing . . . The Senator has just been given a shot of penicillin—in the arm."

And the People, of course, Feel Fine too. "I haven't seen quite so much happiness in a long time," says the dear Sovereign, "and you don't know how good that makes me feel . . . I don't know of anything that's more worthwhile than just to see America having a good time." The *New York Times* writes of America's "peaceful, dreamy, faraway smile of pure contentment" in the Presence: "rather, some say, like the smile of the fourth Martini, rather, say others, like the smile of the sanctified." Smiling it, they vote, or don't vote, either way, secure in the feeling that, whatever happens or doesn't, this is the Age of that kind of Diamond Jubilee which can surely be prolonged for ever.

### Sonnet on Mr. Eisenhower

LIKE has not any ailment to declare;  
Dumb is the Senator who needs must try  
To doubt his paranasal normalcy;  
The General doth like an aura wear  
The beauty of his boyhood (save for hair)—  
Eyes, ears, lungs, arteries and sternum lie  
Open to all America's scrutiny,  
The very membrane of the lungs is bare.  
There is no cardiac murmur in the sleep,  
The colon functions of its own sweet will,  
Sedate the measure that his pulses keep.  
In England we should say he is not ill;  
He jumps about as lively as a jeep  
And all that mighty throat is throbbing still.

EVOE

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The truth may be that America is passing from one age to another—from the Benzedrine Age to the Equanil. To-day the nation-wide slogan is RELAX! You see it written up in offices. You are lured to a movie which promises to be "Exciting! Relaxing!" By your bedside in hotels you are invited to "Relax on the long-distance telephone." Relaxation, like Victorian decoration, is all the rage—"dynamic relaxation," as a friend of mine, not in the Best of Taste, put it. Fulfilling the prophecies of Mr. Huxley and Mr. Orwell, it may be bought at the drugstore, distilled into the blessed, tranquillizing pills of Milltown and Equanil, promising, in the words of *Life* magazine, Nirvana, "calming down the raging personality or lifting up those who remain inordinately depressed."

From the hurly-burly of the driving-seat this country is thus slowly but surely sinking into the deep, deep peace of the twin beds. "Don't worry your pretty heads about political problems," the politicians say. Are there not thirty-five million families with motor-cars, forty-three million with refrigerators, thirty-nine million with electrical washing-machines? Ike or Dick or Adlai or Elvis Presley or Billy Graham—what's the difference? What more can Europe want from us? Have we not sent them Marilyn Monroe? So Ole Man River goes rock'n 'n' roll'n' himself to sleep.

"Apathy sanctified by morality," a journalist—rather an outsider—has called it. There has been only one basic electoral issue. Is this great big slumberous beauty to start waking up now? Or is she to sleep on for another four years, dreaming in wait for Prince Charming 1960? On one thing only all are agreed. Peace, in the Equanil Age, is secure.

Peace, it must be assumed, with Honour.

### NEXT WEEK'S PUNCH

will contain No. 5 of

RONALD SEARLE'S "Heroes  
of our Time"—

a portrait of

Mr. T. S. ELIOT





# Redigested Digest

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THE WORLD'S MOST CROONED-OVER MAGAZINE

*The*

## Redigested Digest

*An article a day of unendurable significance, in permanent uplift form*

\*\*\*\*\*

Did Army trousers account for more German casualties than all the shots, gunfire and bombing of the Allies?

### YOUR PANTS COULD KILL

*By Milton Hoppdrain Custard*

IN a specially-built annexe to Massachusetts General Hospital a million pairs of old soldiers' trousers are filed and tabbed. They are inspected at set intervals by Dr. Emery Quime, ex-U.S. Army Major.

The story goes back to 1944, when Quime's unit captured a German medical research post near Abbeville, and found that officers and men were wearing field-grey skirts of coarse, pleated linen. The German C.O. disclosed under interrogation that his post was a guinea-pig outfit, designed to identify diseases of the leg-muscles and intestines which had proved fatal to immense numbers of Reichswehr enlisted men. All victims of the diseases, he said, had been wearing trousers at the time. Dr. Quime lost no time in contacting high U.S. Army medical circles, who were impressed by his missions, and consented to take a survey of registered leg-muscle and stomach sufferers throughout the

U.S. armed forces to discover how many of them consistently wore regulation clothing on the lower limbs. Quime sat back to wait. His fellow-officers ribbed him. The second front raged on to victory. It was not until after the war that Quime, by now an intern at the Massachusetts General, received a summons to the Pentagon. There he was told, by a grave-faced senior Army surgeon, that the survey had been completed, and showed almost one hundred per cent. identity between trouser-wearers and relevantly hospitalized men. Chemical analysis of the clothing was in hand, with a complete breakdown of all suspected garments from seam-stitching to pocket-lining; even buttons were going, one by one, under U.S. Army medical corps spectroscopes. The official findings would be through in three months. Would Quime, in the meantime, undertake a study of trousers for chemical change? Experts suspected

PAGES FROM THE

REDIGESTED DIGEST—II

## Then I Knew Everything Was Going to be All Right

*Condensed from  
The Week Before Last*

*By Otto Klung*

I LAY with my legs doubled up under me at the bottom of the shaft. I didn't know that nearly every bone in my body was broken, but I knew enough to guess you don't fall fifty-eight floors and walk home afterwards.

Had I a home any more? Only that morning all my savings had gone sky-high in the 'Todd-Raemaker blow-out. I began to feel that fate was against me. Then the first of my rescuers climbed down, and put a piece of paper into my hand. It was a wire from Poughkeepsie announcing my wife had left me for a retired Marine. "Taking the children," it read. Just that.

For years I had struggled to build security, comfort, a position in life for my loved ones. And now—this. All the fight was knocked out of me. "What's the use?" I thought. Maybe I groaned.

Then it happened. A burly fireman, working on my trapped right arm, laid his pick aside. "What's on your mind?" he asked me.

He was just an ordinary fireman, grizzled, about a hundred and eighty

pounds, with a pair of wonderfully piercing deep blue eyes. Feebly I handed him the telegram.

"Take it easy," he said. Then he added these words: "Remember, son, you can't get no lower than the bottom of the shaft."

I have never forgotten them. Right away the gnawing despair, the hopelessness, oozed out of me. Like a snake sloughing its skin I began to see things in a new light. To be at the very bottom is to have Opportunity, the opportunity to rise. I felt, I *knew* then, everything was going to be all right.

Even while they were carrying me to hospital I began to practise cancelling cheques with my good left arm. The nurses said I was wonderful. But I wasn't. I was just remembering that fireman's words. I remembered them years later when, as President of the Milwaukee Central Bank, I had to refuse credit to overdrawn clients with no collateral. "You can't get no lower than the bottom of the shaft," I would tell them. And always, as they walked away, their step was lighter, their heads more proudly held.

## IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WIND POWER

By Frederick Yunk

Most people misuse most of the following words in their daily speech. If you are sure of their meanings, read through them and then ask yourself to what extent your confidence has been shaken.

- (1) **acclinic** (a clin' ic)—A: not having a clinic. B: having a class A clinic. C: derived from the element Actinium.
- (2) **claudication** (claud i ca' tion)—A: painting in the manner of Claude. B: calling one's children Claude or Claud. C: Christmas gift.
- (3) **farthingale** (far' thing gale)—A: boisterous breeze. B: kind of cheap beer. C: part of horse's harness.
- (4) **tucul** (tuc' ul)—A: African bird. B: Indian curd. C: Mexican surd.
- (5) **luculent** (luc' u lent)—A: succulent. B: truculent. C: flocculent.
- (6) **orillion** (or ill' ion)—A: a constellation. B: 10<sup>th</sup>. C: disease of ear.
- (7) **phalarope** (Pha' la rope)—A: kind of rope. B: operation on the kidneys. C: offense in the Hebrew religious code.
- (8) **strouthocamelian** (strou' tho' ca' me li' an)—A: concerning the strouthocamel. B: semi-precious stone. C: subtropical.
- (9) **todo** (too' doo)—A: large extinct bird. B: East African native child. C: brouhaha.
- (10) **zoon** (zoon)—A: to rise suddenly in a plane. B: foolish person. C: shortly.

## TOWARD MORE PICARESQUE SPEECH

It was so hot on the beach that everyone was sending toast-cards home ... In Egypt it's a case of sex of one and half a muezzin of the other (Angus Wilson, quoted by Edmund Wilson) ... He adopted a couldn't-wear-less workers' Clarion.

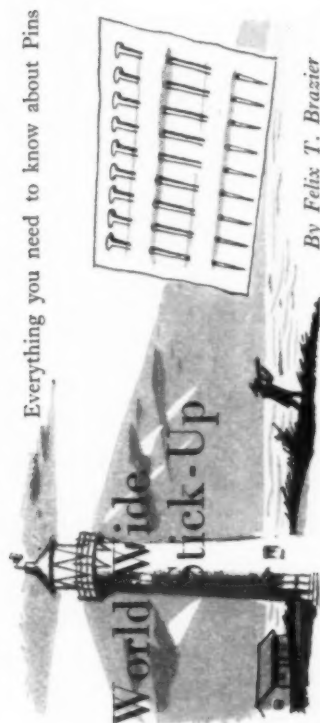


## All For The Best

THERE was an old preacher in our town who had a favorite text he would commend to all and sundry—the Second Epistle to Timothy, chapter two, verse fifteen, or, as he used to put it, "Two Timothy, two, fifteen." One day a boy from our school was to leave town, and he went to tell the preacher good-bye. "Remember, Mike," said the preacher, "two Timothy, two, fifteen." To his astonishment Mike returned to his house an hour later and handed him ten dollars. "Hey, what's this for, Mike?" the preacher asked. "Well, reverend," Mike said, "I did like you said and put two dollars on Timothy for the two-fifteen, and he romped home at five to one."

Contributed by Alice T. Hartman

## PAGES FROM THE REDIGESTED DIGEST—III



By Felix T. Brazier

ORTY-EIGHT years ago a little boy pricked his finger while playing with the hem of his mother's dress. A dreamy look came into his eyes.

Now he is the driving force behind a vast enterprise that this year climaxed an output of 217 billion steel pins, ranging in size from six-foot giants to pins so small that they can only be handled under an electronic microscope.

When the mummy of Amenhotep III was being unwrapped a few years back, the ancient Pharaoh's headdress was found to be secured by a pin exactly similar in all respects, except that it was made of pure gold with a lapis lazuli head, to those sold in any supermarket today. This means that man has been using pins to secure headdresses for at least five thousand years.

For thirty-six years Ephraim Stillwether, a Burmese, toiled at his self-appointed task of engraving the whole of the Bible on the head of a pin. Then he sent it to Queen Victoria. But the keen-eyed monarch detected a spelling mistake in 2 Kings,

THE wise Roman philosopher Marcus Aurelius was once asked what, in his opinion, had contributed most to the sum of human happiness. For answer he rummaged in the folds of his imperial toga and drew out a small glittering object which he held up before his astonished questioners.

It was an ordinary pin!

14, sent the gift back with a curt note of refusal. Since that time, bibles have always been printed on the heads of pins by mechanical means.

Pins have taken strange shapes at times. Double-headed pins, which could be used with safety by young children, were manufactured in Siam at the end of the last century. Odder still, a Texan inventor produced a pin with points at each end! His friends thought he was crazy, but today hundreds of thousands of these pins are used each week for radioactive purposes.

Once, an ordinary pin saved the lives of fifteen Turkish hotelkeepers marooned in a lighthouse in the Adriatic. Maddened by the taste of blood

Continued from the December League of Hope Magazine

*Calamity struck in broad daylight, and proved once again that ordinary folks can be good, and kind, and generous.*

## Seven

# Minutes of Horror!

By Al Mutch

WHEN Elmer Rust's nine-year-old setter bitch Lady got her head stuck in a gap in his picket fence at noon on July 17, 1955, not a single neighbor thought of kicking her as he passed, or fastening a firework to her tail. In fact, throughout the suspense-filled seven minutes, while Lady patiently awaited her release, one-twentieth of the inhabitants of Dottle, Idaho (of whom two had never even spoken to Elmer in their lives), went silently about their communal task of mercy, with never a thought of self, or gain, or reward. It was as though this unforeseen catastrophe, striking with cruel suddenness on that sunny July day, drew the humble people of Dottle subtly closer, bringing out all their latent nobleness of spirit.

Now and then as they worked, prising the gap wider until Lady's head was free, a man in the crowd would stretch out a hand without a word, to grasp the hand of another in mute, all-understanding comradeship. "It sure did my heart good to see," says Elmer's wife, Dolly . . .

*Condensed from Collier's*

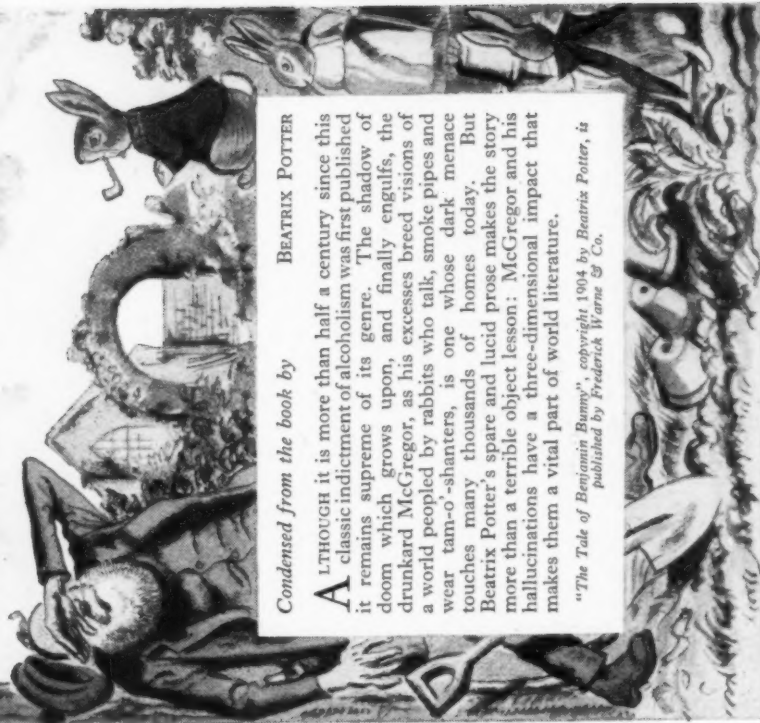
The night of the 16th was calm, with a dust of stars. A promise of heat for the morrow, perhaps, but no hint of the terror that was to swoop, swift and deadly, into the heart of that community of one hundred and eighty souls before another sun had set.

Bluff, clear-eyed old Hank Mull locked up his chickens and smoked a last honest pipe on the cane chair on his porch, as he had done every evening for the past forty-seven years. His thoughts were all of his wife's aching back, the bull he was to buy from neighbor Harrison, a paint job to be done on his station-wagon. Nothing in the atmosphere of that still, starry night suggested that at 12.3 p.m. tomorrow he would be unselfishly offering to lend his best saw to bring comfort to a toothless bitch whose owner he barely knew by sight. Contentedly he tapped the ash from his pipe and went in to supper.

Away on the far side of town, darning a simple homespun sock, Prudence Chipperwick thought of the deep apple pie she would bake tomorrow. Little did she dream

BOOK SECTION

## The Tale of BENJAMIN BUNNY



Condensed from the book by

BEATRIX POTTER

ALTHOUGH it is more than half a century since this classic indictment of alcoholism was first published it remains supreme of its genre. The shadow of doom which grows upon, and finally engulfs, the drunkard McGregor, as his excesses breed visions of a world peopled by rabbits who talk, smoke pipes and wear tam-o'-shanters, is one whose dark menace touches many thousands of homes today. But Beatrix Potter's spare and lucid prose makes the story more than a terrible object lesson: McGregor and his hallucinations have a three-dimensional impact that makes them a vital part of world literature.

*"The Tale of Benjamin Bunny", copyright 1904 by Beatrix Potter, is published by Frederick Warne & Co.*



## Handy Guide to U.S. Faiths (Supplementary List)

### *Separate Union of Old Order Gospel Conference.*

Founded 1907 by a Mrs. Leash, who used to keep small devils in her bath, and hit them. Believe in abolition of slavery, heaven for virgins, and the ultimate downfall of President Grover Cleveland. Invariably vote Republican, and meet once a fortnight in a haunted house in New Jersey. (82 members, not counting the otter-hound.)

### *Ethical (Reformed) Trumpeters Society.*

An offshoot of the Affiliated Holy Buglers, formed in Pasadena in 1927. Worship (among other things) Nelly Bly, who went round the world in seventy-two days six hours eleven minutes in 1889. Wear conical hats on Sunday, and never eat dry bread. (8 members.)

### *United Free-Will Rally and Independent Templars.*

Do not believe in sin, tobacco, or the British yoke. Understood to worship a pen-and-ink drawing of Artemus Ward. Meet at dawn every other Friday at Mrs. Edward R. Rimbleberry's place for hymns and coffee. No entrance fee, but any old clothes welcome. (12 members.)

### *Unreformed (Associate) Free Synod.*

Do not wear trousers, earrings, or brown felt hats. Eat a little egg custard each evening, and believe that the Second Book of Kings was written by Andrew Jackson. A paramount chief is elected every February 3, on a show of hands. Practice polygamy, mahjongg, knife-throwing, light flirtation, and trial by drowning. (5 members, one sick.)

### *General Three-Principle Universal Souls.*

Believe in three principles, and won't reveal any of them. Smug as be damned. Go to any church that's handy, usually on stilts. Not to be confused with General Three-Principle Universal Souls Militant. (No statistics available.)

### *Billy (Wm. Franklin) Graham's Lot.*

Peripatetic vocalists, instrumentalists, and officials, paid or unpaid, dedicated to the proposition that the animals went in two by two.

### *Holy Orthodox Unaffiliated Angels, Inc.*

Founded 1931, by Mr. Hathaway's

By ALEX ATKINSON

cousin Cynthia. Meetings once a week in Mr. Hathaway's reconditioned garage and rumpus-room, with old-time dancing, soft drinks, readings from Emily Dickinson, and a life class. Silver collection. Refreshments extra. After three months' probation, angels are granted plastic wings and a book of rules, which must at once be returned to Mrs. Dobehave (hon. sec.) if anything untoward should occur. Outings, barbecues, and expert advice on Income Tax. Send for free illustrated brochure. (109 members.)

### *Social Predestined Chapel of To-morrow.*

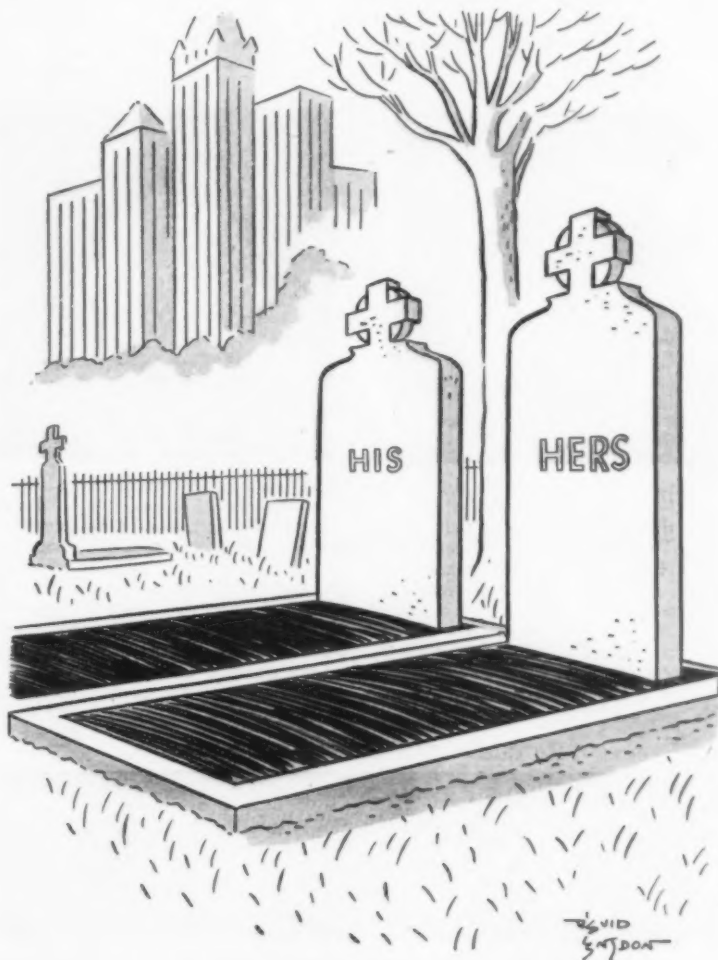
Believe in practically everything, so long as it doesn't interfere with golf.

### *Haha Temple of Primitive Latter-Day (Pawkee River) Volunteers.*

Something like the Druids, but clean-shaven. (124 members, and 2 in Boston.)

### *Unaffiliated Cooch City (International) Saints.*

Formed last year, by schism from the Cooch City (International) Saints (q.v.), over an argument as to how sinful women's legs are. Believe in table-rapping, the transmigration of souls, vice-President Nixon, and flying saucers. (16 members, all well.)





A CENT, known also as a penny, only just qualifies as money. Made of bronze and roughly the size of the British sixpence, it tends to foul up the lining of trouser-pockets and engender a false sense of financial security. May be used at weddings as a substitute for rice. American fathers like to amuse their sons by flattening cents under the wheels of locomotives. Think of the cent as a poor relation of the farthing and you won't go far wrong. Useless for tipping.

## Tourist's Guide to American Money

*(Take it with you when you go: keep it handy for reference when—and this is much more likely—you stay at home with American films, American TV, American musicals and horror comics.)*



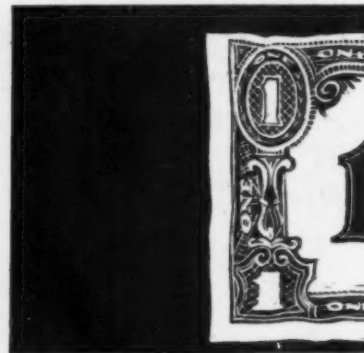
THE nickel or jitney (five cents) is nominally and laughably the equivalent of  $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ , and a cute li'l coin it is. A nickel would buy a box of matches, but American tobacconists prefer to give matches away for free (they do, so) rather than gum up their cash registers. Nickels remain legal tender for sentimental reasons and because the United Nickel Corporation must eat. Not on any account to be used for tipping.



AN aristocratic little coin is the dime (Old French, *disme*). Originally it marked the upper bracket of the "Five and Ten" cent store, or nickel and dime corporation, and was often spared by buddies for importuning bums (reference: Bing Crosby). Don't write off the dime, though. It will still buy a copy of the *American Daily Worker* or half a copy of *The New Yorker*. But don't buy the former until the very end of your trip. Don't, please, tip with dimes.

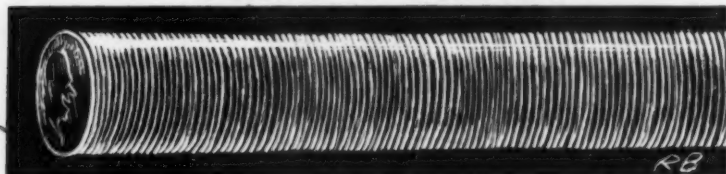


THE quarter, known as "two bits," is a very useful bit of metal. Its exchange value is about  $1s. 9d.$ , so it will buy a small cup of coffee or a shot of ink for your ball-pen. It will also admit you to certain planetaria, museums and historic buildings. (Note: America's stately homes are *not* yet open to the public. A pity, but there it is.) Needless to say quarters should not be used in making gratuity payments. Bell hops, bartenders and soda-jerks detest them.



DOLLARS, from the German or Dutch "Thaler," an abbreviation of "Joachimsthaler," usually come in note or bill form. Unfortunately, U.S. law won't let us show a picture of them (nor, for that matter, will the Bank of England) but they're really quite handsome in a way. The slang for a dollar is a buck, probably because it's the opposite of dough. You can buy a lot of popcorn with a dollar. The dollar should never be given as a tip. Waiters sneeze at it.

100 CENTS EQUALS \$1 (ONE DOLLAR)



(For further information about imports of American television programmes and other aspects of the "American Holiday in Britain" movement write to the B.B.C., the I.T.A., the British Publishers' Association, the Theatre Managers' Guild or almost any airfield.)

THERE are Bills of larger denominations, tens, twenties, fifties and so on, and these will buy things like steaks. For only \$20 you can stay overnight at a fine hotel and rub shoulders with the delegates to some business convention or other. But remember, please, that the only British people allowed to visit America are those who guarantee to return with more dollars than they took out. It follows that bills for two, five, ten, twenty and fifty dollars should never be used for tipping. A. B. H.

# THE LAST OF THE AMERICANS

By James Fenimore Cooper

## CHAPTER I

**I**T was a feature remarkable in the overseas ventures of the Americans that, although their real enemies were, in fact, never encountered in the field, none the less the toils and dangers of the country in which their air forces were quartered were such that an actual engagement with the foe might have appeared as a relief. In the flat counties of eastern England the Americans were forced, for their own safety, to dwell in impregnable fortresses, hedged round with an impenetrable barrier of barbed wire and security regulations.

As the last brassy notes of the dawn bugle gave way to the sterner sound of Sabres warming up on the tarmac, a little party might one day have been observed approaching the main gateway of Fort Manston, the main American encampment in the south-east. At their head there strode a tall corporal, evidently in charge. A single pace behind him walked a curious individual, dressed in the blue uniform of the Air Force, but of such uncouth and undisciplined aspect that it was hard to believe that he and the corporal were members of the same force. A bulky suitcase in either hand weighed him down until his knees brushed the earth, and, not content with this, he wore, slung across his shoulder, a brass instrument more in place in a dance-hall than a military establishment. Three more airmen brought up the rear.

As they passed through the gate and on to the turnpike that led to the railway, they were joined by a young woman who had been standing outside the camp and observing their progress. Uttering no more than a conventional "Hi!" she fell into step beside the corporal. This sudden apparition infected the airman with the trumpet with the liveliest alarm, from which, however, he quickly recovered and inquired—

"Dig that crazy dame, corporal; do you suppose it possible that there are any more at home like her?"

"I guess that to be so, Bud," the corporal returned, "nevertheless, she is actually, despite her looks, a smooth number who has volunteered to accompany us as far as London and so ward off the onset of the predatory natives with which the route is infested."

"Well, what do you know?" remarked the airman. But, reassured by this explanation, he made no further observation, and the party proceeded in silence towards the station.

## CHAPTER II

Let us now leave the corporal and his men, and conduct the reader to a street some three-quarters of a mile from the terminus at which they are destined to arrive.

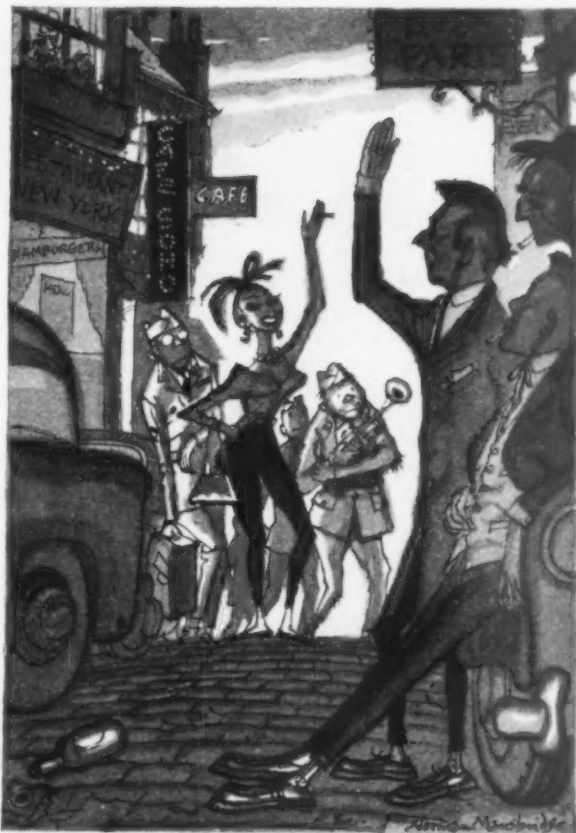
In a mean thoroughfare, where upon each side of the narrow fairway closely parked automobiles masked the menacing frontages of restaurants and coffee-bars, three men stood as if awaiting the appearance of some acquaintance. Two were natives, one a man of some fifty years, strong and broad in build, and clad in a modest suit of brown cloth, the other scarce more than a boy, but for all his youth the more arresting of the pair. His coat of grey worsted was embellished with velvet and reached to within an inch or so of his knees; below this he wore a close-fitting garment of the same material,

that followed so nearly the shape of his thin legs that the kneecaps, the sock-suspenders and even the tops of the socks were as clearly marked as if engraved in relief. His hair was so cut as to provide a crest above the forehead, while at the back it was brushed inwards from both sides until it approximated to the appearance of a duck's back.

The third man might by his features have been an American, though he was apparelled in the manner of the natives, albeit rather more colourfully. All three discussed in low tones for an hour or so the social problems arising from the presence of the American forces in England; then suddenly the younger of the natives made a gesture with his finger in the direction of Piccadilly.

"Yanks coming," he announced. "I can smell them a league off."

"You are darned tooting, Sid," agreed the seeming American. "Let us hope that no one will grab them before they get here."



"He raised his hand in the conventional greeting of his tribe."



*"In a short time the Fort Manston party had been completely overpowered."*

### CHAPTER III

No sooner had he spoken than the party appeared at the end of the street. Stepping forward into their path, he raised his hand in the conventional greeting of his tribe.

"Hi, fellows," he said. "How are tricks with you?"

"Hi," responded the corporal. "We are bound for the station at Liverpool Street, but to be frank with you I begin to believe that our guide here is as innocent of knowledge concerning its whereabouts as we ourselves." As he spoke, he indicated the young native female, who was now supported from the back by the wall of a house and looked out upon the world with a lustreless eye, the while her jaws moved regularly upon a wad of chewing-gum.

"Liverpool Street, friend?" the seeming American repeated. "You are as likely this way to come upon Grand Central."

"So we had begun to think," returned the crestfallen corporal. "One lesson, however, we have gained from our predicament, and that is that the trackless labyrinths of this jungle may cause to come unstuck even a Limey expert, for such this broad maintains herself to be."

"She an expert!" retorted Warren, for this was the name of the apparent American. "I fear, brother, that, whatever be the matters in which she could claim herself to own that title, the trustworthy guidance of visiting Americans may hardly be counted among them."

As they exchanged these civilities there burst suddenly upon the air a sound as terrible as ever met the human ear. Beginning with a menacing mutter of drums, it grew into an inhuman cry wherein strange distorted scraps of words lurked weirdly. The faces of the visitors turned pale.

"In the name of crying out loud!" exclaimed Bud. "What have you in this city that makes such music?"

As if at a predetermined signal, the native female now left her post at the wall. "Come, fellows," she urged, speaking for the first time since they fell in with the others. "We must get hep, else assuredly we shall fare no better than a bunch of squares."

So saying, she darted with unsuspected agility into a dark entrance in the wall beside her and descended a flight of narrow stairs. Led by Bud, and heedless of the warnings of their new friends, the party from Fort Manston followed precipitately after her. The eerie sounds rang out with increased fury as, somewhere deep in the cellars, a door was opened; then it was once again muffled and an uneasy silence fell upon the street outside.

The elder of the two natives looked earnestly down the dim well of the stairs.

"We bust this joint open?" he inquired in his own tongue.

Warren shook his head. "We are but few, Joe," he replied, "and armed only with the coshes and bicycle-chains of our tribe. It would be death to pit ourselves against that mob. But you, Sid, go and fetch some of Alfie's boys; and in the meantime let us only hope that those guys will survive until we can get at them."

### CHAPTER IV

The cavern in which Corporal Schmaltz and his men found themselves was in a darkness whose near-totality was intensified by the clouds of acrid smoke that arose from innumerable tiny pinpoints of light all around them. The sound they had heard from the street came from a raised dais at the far end of this room, and was created by the joint efforts of five braves armed with an assortment of instruments too horrible to describe.

"I do not know," said Schmaltz, "what we have let ourselves in for, fellows, but my opinion is that we should do well to get to the hell out of here."

The others, evidently impressed by his words, began to back towards the door; but they had proceeded no more than a pace or so when there was an unexpected digression as Bud unslung his instrument and, pushing his way to the fore, advanced boldly on the dais.

"Boy!" he shouted wildly. "Dig that solid beat!"

Schmaltz, too late to arrest his progress, shook his head sadly. "Once he sits in with yonder gang," he said, "I am afraid he is likely to become a gone guy." Looking searchingly about him he added, "I fear, my friends, that we are outnumbered. Our best course will be to take up a position behind one of these low tables and defend ourselves as best we can." So saying, he led the way to a table in the corner and disposed his meagre force in chairs around it.

Barely had they established themselves when the natives came streaming across the intervening spaces of the floor in a determined attack. Invitations and epithets flew about the room, and some of the natives, bolder than the rest, came speedily to close quarters, laying their hands upon wallets,



cap-badges, cigarette-lighters and indeed everything to which they could attain. In a short time the Fort Manston party had been completely overpowered.

Powerless to resist, Schmaltz was led by his erstwhile guide to a table on the opposite side of the cavern. Casting a backward glance upon his men, he saw that the natives, flushed with victory, were forcing their prisoners to consume gin-and-lime and other humiliating drinks, for which, in the revolting custom of their tribe, they compelled the Americans to pay.

"Never mind them, big boy," his captor admonished him harshly. "You and me are about to go to some places."

"Never!" the corporal exclaimed proudly.

"Well, as to that, we shall see," retorted the female. "But meanwhile what do you say if you and I consume a little drink?"

She made a sign to a native in the background, and in a flash two glasses of fiery gin-and-lime were placed upon the table between them. The female picked up one of them and held it across the table towards him. The nauseous fumes rose to his brain and he reeled with a moment of weakness. His senses were on the verge of departure when, with a noise like thunder, the door burst open and he beheld the welcome figures of Joe and Sid in the doorway.

#### CHAPTER V

A cry of "Alfie's boys!" burst simultaneously from every lip, and was answered from without by a menacing snarl as the rescuers, urged on from behind by the ever-present Warren, advanced to the attack. The savage tormentors recoiled before the onslaught of these warlike intruders, repeatedly uttering the peculiar exclamations of their people—

"Here, I say! Turn it in!"

Taking advantage of his adversary's momentary discomfiture, Schmaltz seized the deadly gin-and-lime from her hand, and, with a single motion, poured it down her throat. The eyes of the treacherous native glazed over, and she fell inert into her chair. Meanwhile the combatants struggled with unabated fury in the darkness around. Gin followed gin with insatiable ferocity. Sid, closing with a powerful blonde, rained upon her such a series of port-and-lemons that she was already beyond feeling when he dispatched her with a final sardine sandwich. But Alfie's boys were outnumbered, and it seemed as if they must in the end be beaten back.

The next moment Bud was seen to rise to his full height upon the dais, brandishing his formidable instrument and at the same time shouting a terrible war-cry—

"Give out, fellows!"

Putting the instrument to his lips, he swept into a savage chant which, as it immediately appeared, had the most alarming effect upon the combatants of both sides, who stiffened into a kind of dementia as they joined with him in the menacing ritual—

One two three o'clock, four o'clock ROCK!

Five six seven o'clock, eight o'clock ROCK!

Seizing advantage of this development, Warren crept across the room to where Schmaltz was still too dazed by his recent experiences to help himself.

"Quickly, friend," he counselled. "Now is the time for yourself and your party to beat it."

Collecting his wits as quickly as he might, the corporal

rounded up his men and they passed unseen through the door and into the street. Only when they had put some hundreds of yards between themselves and that awful subterranean conflict did one of them venture to speak that which concerned them all—

"Say, corporal, what about Bud?"

But the corporal, in a speech the full reporting of which would occupy three pages of this volume, explained that Bud had sacrificed himself for their safety and the good name of the United States Air Force. "It may be," he concluded, "that in the days when the last U.S. airman has gone and the land is given over to those people from whose clutches we have just, with God's mercy, escaped, Bud will still be remembered, will perhaps still be playing his trumpet in some such savage cellar as that wherein we recently contested. To the peoples of England he will remain and symbolize the last of the wise race of the Americans."

Then, clasping Warren warmly by the hand as his party climbed into a taxi for Liverpool Street, he said "I shall not forget what you have done for us, buddy," and there were manly tears in his eyes as they said their last farewells. There were more when it was discovered that Warren had stolen all their wallets; but with true native chivalry he had allowed them to retain their railway-warrants.

B. A. YOUNG



"... They passed unseen through the door and into the street."

# Curtain Going Up

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE difference—at any rate in America—between a pessimist and an optimist is that the pessimist is a fellow who writes books saying what a terrible state the New York theatre is in, while the optimist takes in *Variety*. I have been reading the latest brochure on the subject of the New York theatre, by one of the leading critics, and it is all “For twenty-five years the taste for legitimate drama has steadily waned,” “the absolute regularity of the contemporary American theatre toward extinction” and that sort of thing. It concludes with the moody prediction that the time is coming when there will be only two theatres in New York, putting on at the most seven productions a year.

And then the optimist pops up with his copy of *Variety* and wants to know why, if the end is so near, the net profit on *Damn Yankees* to date is \$466,403 and on *Fanny* \$598,895, and why *Inherit the Wind* in its sixty-fourth week did \$27,500 and *Pajama Game* in its one hundred and twenty-sixth week \$38,600. And even what you might call the canaille, he points out, all seem to be doing their nineteen and twenty thousand. The current number of *Variety* lists seventeen shows, all leftovers from last season, and the only one playing to less than twenty thousand dollars is a poor wreck of a thing which after running for fifty-nine weeks has now dropped to \$18,000.

There has never been a theatrical season in New York, to the best of my recollection, when somebody was not shouting “Take to the hills, men. The doom is upon us,” and yet I have never seen a New York theatrical manager who was not at least a stone overweight and swelling visibly all the time.

With one thing my pessimist says I do agree, and that is that there are far too few theatres in New York. The shortage has led this year to a congestion which is putting dark circles under many a managerial eye. All over the country there are shows waiting wistfully for a chance to come into New York, but they are all dressed up and no place to go. One musical, to raise the necessary \$300,000 for which devoted men must have worked day and night, has had to return their money to the backers because there is no theatre available for it, and others are planning to “extend their out-of-town tours,” which is a loathsome thing to have to do, because it means going farther and farther into the red. It is only the rare and exceptional hit which does not lose its shirt on the out-of-town tour.

The theatres which have survived the drift to television and second-run movies—there are a dozen of them on Forty-Second Street all out of legit circulation—are nearly all bunched together on Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth Streets, and this makes playgoing in New York one of the less agreeable

features of that city's night life. When your taxi has been held up for twenty minutes in the traffic block and you remember that the author of the book I quoted spoke of there no longer being any such thing as habitual theatre-going, you are apt to laugh one of those hacking, mirthless laughs. It is estimated by statisticians that every night, from the beginning of October, 6,905,674 pleasure-seekers in taxicabs are trying to get into Forty-Fifth simultaneously. I would have put the figure higher.

The New York theatre season always starts with two or three timid little productions which, like the daffodils, come before the swallow dares and try to take the winds of March—or rather early October—with beauty. They miss by a mile. So far this year we have had *Harbor Lights*, which came off after four performances, *Six Fingers in a Five-Fingered Glove*, which did not do so well, succumbing after two, and a thing called *The Loud Red Patrick*, which as I write is still open for business but, judging by the notices, not likely to attract the judicious.

From the hinterland come reports that seem to suggest that *Auntie Mame*, with Rosalind Russell starring, is going to be the season's first smash hit. The fact that it played to \$41,900 in its first seven performances in Philadelphia indicates something fairly sensational. It is a dramatization of a best-selling novel by Patrick Dennis and ought to be played in London by Beatrice Lillie. Another likely entry, Jed Harris's production of Guy Bolton's dramatization of Henry James's *The Wings of the Dove*, should be surefire for London.

With *My Fair Lady* packing them in



Smilby.



at the Mark Hellinger (\$69,000 each week as regular as clockwork) and *Separate Tables*, *The Sleeping Prince* and *The Reluctant Debutante* coming along, this should be about the biggest English season on Broadway for some years. *Separate Tables* has just opened out of town, and *Variety* thinks that "some of the heavy British accents should be modified."

With the costs of production so high, most managers now try to get as many theatre parties as they can, regardless of the fact that even a single theatre party so sours the cast that it is rarely that one sees a smiling actor these days. What happens is that the Society for the Discouragement of the Common Cold, or whatever it may be, buys the house out for the night and then rubber-hoses its members into paying thirty dollars for a seat.

This is fine for the impresario, who is assured of at least one night's run, but what Max Beerbohm used to call the mimes just loathe it. What a mime needs to bring the roses to his cheeks and the sparkle into his eyes is an

enthusiastic audience laughing uproariously at every second line, and such an audience is rarely found among those who have been dragooned by a strong-minded Lady President into unbelted thirty dollars. The typical member of a theatre party is a grim, dangerous-looking man who is thinking all the time of all the things he could have done with those thirty bucks. He sighs a good deal from time to time, and when not sighing stares gloomily at the stage as if the sight of the performers hurt him in some tender spot, as it probably does. If they win a smile from him, they think that he forgets, but he doesn't. Thirty dollars is thirty dollars in these hard times.

I have heard mimes of my acquaintance speak of theatre-party audiences in terms which would have been excessive if applied to Colonel Nasser.

As far as I can see, the same brisk lunacy is going to mark the 1956-7 season, as far as musicals are concerned, as has been the feature of the New York theatre for so many years. The view still prevails that you can make a

musical out of anything. Some of the latest entrants are musicals based on Voltaire's *Candide*, *Anna Christie*, *Grand Hotel* and *Dear Brutus*. Why they picked the last-named I don't know, for, as far as I can remember, nobody dies in it, and death is the one thing the modern musical-maker considers essential. I cannot think that these gay fellows will long overlook that Grand Guignol thing where the action took place in a lunatic asylum and everybody jabbed everybody else's eyes out with darning needles.

I seem to see that Broadway character always known as "Mannie" bounding into a manager's office, having just discovered Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*.

"Got something great for you, boy," I hear him saying. "It's a natural. Blood, death, torture, it's got everything. Say, listen. Feller shoots arrows through feller's body as he hangs from a hook, 'nother feller dashes his brains out against the iron bars of his cage. Take it from there, kid. With Cole Porter lyrics and music and somebody good to do the dances, it can't miss."

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT

IN certain cases, said the Attorney-General in the debate on Crown privilege, "the public interest in national security is greater than in the perfect administration of justice." Caiaphas indeed said much the same thing two thousand years ago—only a good deal more crisply. Yet who can deny its truth? But who is to be the judge of what is public security? The Minister, say the Ministers. The Minister responsible must answer to Parliament, said Mr. Boyd Carpenter winding up the debate. It all sounds very reasonable. But then, when we examine the debate, we find that thirteen Members spoke. Of those, nine were back-benchers—some of them like Sir Lionel Heald and Mr. Jack Simon, back-benchers of the greatest experience—and they were all disturbed at things as they are. Four of them were front-benchers—two, the Attorney and Mr. Boyd Carpenter, on the Government side, two, Mr. Mitcheson and Sir Lynn Ungood-Thomas, on the Opposition side, and they were on the whole satisfied with things as they are. What then does responsibility to Parliament mean? What can the electorate or indeed even the back-benchers do? All that they can

Admiral Eden  
at the wheel



do is to vote out Tweedledee and put in Tweedledum. Behind a façade of party strife the reality is that the two front benches are united to maintain the excessive power of the executive, and the Opposition is as little anxious to diminish those sweets of office which it hopes to enjoy to-morrow as is the Government to diminish those which it is enjoying to-day.

To that extent it is a comfort that though on the all-important issue of foreign affairs both front benches are talking a good deal of nonsense, at least they are not talking exactly the same nonsense. The past scenes crowd in upon the memory—Asquith and Grey in 1914, Chamberlain before Munich or again in 1939, but of such scenes this week's was the least impressive. It is certain that never before has a British Government taken a step of such moment in such a higgledy-piggledy way with as little assurance that it has the support of a majority of the nation or having taken as little trouble to get that support.

On Monday the House seemed to have risen above party squabble in its ardour to pay tribute to the glorious heroism of the Hungarians. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd did, it is true, make rather a curious job of it. In his announcement he spoke only of the Hungarian Premier's promise that the Russians would be withdrawn. It was merely, it appeared, the accident of a supplementary question which drew from him the admission that in spite of this promise the Russians had apparently

sent in more troops over the Rumanian frontier. That detail apart, the occasion was a deeply emotional occasion, and Mr. Desmond Donnelly did himself no good when he asked whether our condemnation of the Russians in Hungary would not have come better from us if we had had clean hands in Cyprus.

But by Tuesday there was a different tale to tell. The Prime Minister was to make a statement at 3.30. Then the news came that he would not make it at 3.30. He would interrupt the debate at 4.30, as soon as he had done talking with the French Ministers, and at 4.30 there was the statement, which we all know, about the ultimata, and then it was relevant to meditate on the tragedy that this very moment when there was hope that the Russians might be withdrawing from Hungary should be the moment when we were going into Egypt.

A weak, vain man, riled at continual attacks on his indecision, when he makes up his mind to show the world that he is firm and to put his obstinate foot down, usually puts it down at the wrong place. Launcelot Gobbo trying to play Iago is not an impressive figure. But Sir Anthony has at any rate one advantage—he has only Mr. Gaitskell opposed to him. As Bertrand de Jouvenel said, "When we talk about military efficiency we must remember that an army has only another army to fight against." With an almost preternatural cunning Mr. Gaitskell insisted on attacking the Prime Minister on the only two points on which he was right.







*Captain Selwyn  
Lloyd at the  
paddles . . .*

He asked the Prime Minister to give a pledge that he would not act until the House had had a chance to debate the matter; but if you are going to act you might as well act quickly. There is no particular point in dithering around until the enemy is ready for you, on the off chance that Mr. Walter Elliot may want to make a speech. The question was rather whether such action was right at all. Also Mr. Gaitskell asked the Prime Minister to await the result of the appeal to the Security Council. But again everyone knows that an appeal to the Security Council is simply a pompous way of doing nothing.

Mr. Gaitskell was followed by Mr. Shinwell with a question of rambling incoherence even for a Privy Councillor;

but, as usual, it was not until the debate had passed down from Rt. Hon. to Hon. that it took upon itself any semblance of sense. It was Mr. Denis Healey who first related the two great crises—that of Egypt and that of Hungary. (Mr. Healey is alleged to be an ambitious man, but if he wishes for a successful Parliamentary career he must really talk less sense. He also raised the question of law.) Major Legge-Bourke had pledged his support to the Government in its upholding of the rule of law, but Mr. Healey asked, as he was entitled to ask, exactly what law they were upholding.

Anyway the House, robbing itself of its holidays and its adjournments, had by the end of the week given three days to this debate, and events have been set

in train the end of which is not yet. But it is still difficult to get a clear answer to the questions. What is the purpose of the Government's action? and what do they hope to be the result of it? According to the Prime Minister's official version our present intervention has nothing to do with the general Suez dispute. We have gone in to separate the combatants and to preserve the Canal from destruction in the fighting. But if the fighting develops, does anyone seriously imagine that the Canal will not be damaged?—whether by us, by the Egyptians or by the Israeli is irrelevant. It is like protecting a powder-keg by putting a match to it.

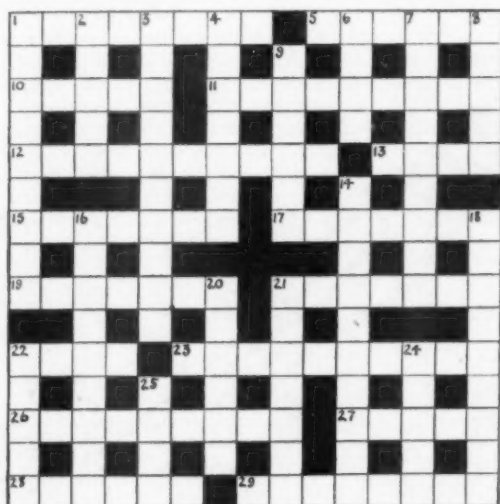
Lord Hinchinbrooke, the Prime Minister's most vigorous supporter, supported him for exactly the opposite reasons from those which he himself had given. When the troops come marching home again, according to Lord Hinchinbrooke, after the triumphs of their proudest hour, they will come back having imposed an international solution of the Suez question. (It is a curiosity of the Prime Minister how often those who support him support him by assuming that he is not telling the truth.)

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

## American Crossword

### ACROSS

1. His other name lives for ever in this context. (8)
5. Marciano and Moore hugging a river in Tennessee? (6)
10. G.I. and a mixed-up kid make up to a tragic daughter. (5)
11. N. A. dynamos fused in a comedy act (as billed). (4, 1, 4)
12. Girl of this off-beat sombre lilt came from the wilds. (10)



13. They play with dolls. (4)
15. These gentlemen prefer blondes. (7)
17. As frequent in Hollywood as in Araby. (7)
19. If New, not here. (7)
21. French member of the famous Knickerbocker family. (7)
22. Where a fidgety boy goes to in the morning. (4)
23. Another tragic daughter; sounds like a Twain creation. (10)
26. E.g. Cal. Coolidge's. (9)
27. Little thanks to Kefauver, Eisenhower, Stevenson for a start. (5)
28. Twain's was abroad. (1, 5)
29. Junior gets that darn song wrong. (8)

### DOWN

1. Frontier committee of summary jurisdiction. (9)
2. Mass. witch-hunting centre. (5)
3. Such activity attracts 1 down. (10)
4. A heavyweight has left the dance town. (7)
6. A notable one separated freedom from slavery. (4)
7. Cnut taken all of a heap gets the sea lit up. (9)
8. President, actress, censor. (5)
9. Tammany tyrants. (6)
14. English duke, if beheaded, becomes American one. (10)
16. A sort of Cinderella who went to a ball. (9)
18. Evens on a good man—not quite last week's betting. (9)
20. Sounds like the money they make in Texas. (6)
21. Everyman, to his fellow, said Lincoln at Gettysburg. (7)
22. Pilgrim or ex-Etonian Father? (5)
24. Roosevelt New Dealer equal to a hundred Ikes? (5)
25. Goes with a swing, this commentator. (4)

*Solution next week*





## BOOKING OFFICE

### Adams to Ziegfeld

**The Oxford Companion to American Literature.** James D. Hart. Third Edition. Oxford University Press, 60/-

THIS work of reference, in its quiet way, really poses the whole brutal question: what does it mean to be an American? At first glance a "companion" to American Literature might be thought the same sort of animal as a "companion" to English Literature; but a brief comparison of the two shows that it is nothing of the sort.

To give a simple example, if you look up "Furies" in the *Oxford Companion to English Literature* you are told about the Eumenides; but if you look up "Furies" in the *Oxford Companion to American Literature* you will find no reference to those avenging deities. Obviously the Furies operate just as much in America as they do in England, yet, although they have become part of English literature in spite of their Greek origin, the Furies have apparently not been incorporated into the literature of the United States.

Of course the answer to this is that, in one sense, English Literature "contains" American Literature. If an American wants to look up the Furies he does so in the *Companion to English Literature*, since English Literature is all part of his stock in trade. But in another sense there certainly exists a native American Literature that has grown up with little or no reference to Europe—even with a certain aversion from things European—a literature which includes some of the best things that have come out of the Western Continent.

The dilemma which faces an American writer appears to be the choice between the traditions of European culture and the everyday realities of American life. Henry James and T. S. Eliot clearly chose the former, but had to come to England to do it. A whole crowd of people can be found in these pages who chose the latter.

Now, one can readily understand the late nineteenth-century American writers

who decided that it was no good following a worn-out, almost invisible track, which was all that remained of the English tradition. Some, it is true, have always made it their business to come to Europe, and, so to speak, bring with them their own national vitality. However, this was the period when a truly American literature also began to be built up. But if faces were to be turned

others, is almost non-existent. Any English provincial paper can produce hacks to write reviews who have at least some general picture, however feeble, of what literature is about. The same thing in America is, as often as not, handed over to some columnist—probably quite a good journalist in his own way—who never seems to have read a book in his life, except perhaps Jack London's *White Fang*.

Don't imagine that I wish to encourage in America those dreadfully serious literary studies that emerge from the American universities. All that is needed is a hard core of people who have read a few books, and thought about them, and formed their own opinions.

How much is *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* going to help? At times one feels a bit doubtful. Was it a good idea to give three-quarters of a column to *Gone With the Wind*? Is General Beauregard really worthy of inclusion, just because he opened fire on Fort Sumpter? If "jingoism" may be justly attributed to "after the mid-nineteenth century in U.S.," surely the original English comic song should at least be mentioned. The Quartering Act, the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Prohibition, interesting subjects in themselves, seem all a little beside the point in a volume dealing with literature.

However, there it is. If American Literature is to stand by itself it must probably have its own particular non-literary pillars of support. The Revolution, the Civil War, the Presidents, and so on. There is an instructive chronological table at the end, showing literary and social history side by side. The overwhelming triumph of Romanticism in America, from first to last, cannot fail to strike the reader.

ANTHONY POWELL

### A Star Looks Back

**Sunshine and Shadow, the Autobiography of Mary Pickford.** Heinemann, 25/-

No more curious example of how modern publicity affects its victims could be found than the behaviour of



away from Europe there would inevitably be some awkward results.

The most ominous consequence of looking inward was an unavoidable provincialism. Turning over the pages of this volume one cannot help feeling that at least half the authors' names here might have been omitted without serious loss. Indeed the very bottom of the barrel seems to have been scraped. After all, it sets out to be "A Companion to American Literature" not "A Guide to Current American Writers."

And yet if American Literature is to look inward—and one's sympathies are largely with those who think it should—can this provincialism be avoided? The fact is that American literary criticism, apart from Mr. Wilson, Mr. Trilling, Mr. Dwight Macdonald and a very few

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks on their honeymoon; having been nearly murdered by fan-worship they escaped to Germany, where the loneliness of being unrecognized drove them to the American zone for restorative adulation.

The prop of a penniless family, Miss Pickford (née Gladys Smith) was on the boards at five, and arrived on Broadway at fourteen. In New York she soon became the star of the Biograph Studios, where films were unscripted and made in two days. These early adventures are described with zest, and should interest all students of the cinema; in the later chapters the reader may weary of Miss Pickford's three marriages, her income and her unashamedly sentimental view of life. Had she the right, she asks gravely, to cut off her hair? Those saddened by this vandalism will be cheered to know that her curls are safe in two American museums. E.O.D.K.

**Time for a Tiger.** Anthony Burgess. Heinemann, 13/6

Nabby Adams, police-sergeant in an imaginary Malay State, cursed with an insatiable thirst for cold beer (the "Tiger" of the title), accompanied always by the clanking anti-rabies medal of his dog Cough, is six feet eight in height: a fact of which we are reminded slightly too often. Fenella, the schoolmaster's golden-haired highbrow wife, fascinated by this "Prometheus with the eagles of debt and drink pecking at his liver," attempts to reform and educate him by reading aloud the whole of *The Waste Land*. Her audience includes the unhappily-married Corporal Alladad Khan, whom she advises on his marital troubles. (Husbands may be surprised to

#### G. H. VALLINS

We record with regret the death of G. H. Vallins, a skilful and versatile writer of verse parodies in *Punch* since 1944. His range extended from Chaucer to Eliot; his last contribution—a Tennyson—appeared two weeks ago.

learn that "A woman sometimes welcomes a blow on the face. She always knows when it is deserved.")

Mr. Burgess's first novel gives evidence of a lively talent, with an odd note of melancholy sounding occasionally from below the rapid colloquial surface of his style. J. M.-R.

**This Delicious Land: Portugal.** Marie Noëlle Kelly. Hutchinson, 25/-

Portugal sounds indeed, in Byron's words, a "delicious land." It was once the centre of a successful empire; to-day it has only two cities to compare in population with a satellite town of Manchester. It has never known an Industrial Revolution; it remains obstinately content with ancient ways. It is a land of violent history: of King Pedro who exhumes his murdered queen and bids his court pay homage to the corpse. It is the land of Catherine of Braganza, who was "flung into a man-of-war and taken to Portsmouth by the Earl of Sandwich": Catherine, who unhappily married Charles II and triumphantly returned home, after his death, to be Queen Regent of Portugal and fight the King of Spain. Portugal (as we know

from Burlington House if not from Alcobaca) is a land of splendid art; it is also a land of romantic scenery, unctuous food and engaging people: a country to inspire the traveller and the writer. One could wish that Lady Kelly's style had more nearly matched her enthusiasm; but there are many pleasant moments in her book. J. R.



#### AT THE PLAY

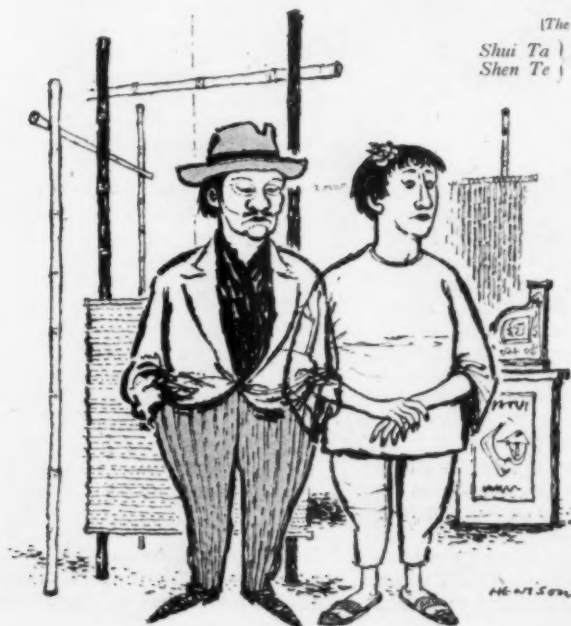
*The Good Woman of Setzuan*  
(ROYAL COURT)

THE Brecht balloon has been soaring pretty freely lately, but it is unlikely to be puffed any higher on account of *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, a pretentious charade which makes three hours seem so long that one not only openly consults one's watch but begins to hold it anxiously to one's ear. And this, incredibly, although Dame Peggy Ashcroft is on the stage almost the whole evening.

But there is little even she can do in a folktale with a solitary message, that if you are born in the gutter it is very hard to be good—a thought which must have occurred independently to the toiling masses of East Berlin. Lest our social consciousness should grow any less objective, the play is broken up into fifteen scenes; and the calculated process of disintegration is furthered by an invisible orchestra twanging crazily to songs of the utmost banality and to the platitudinous asides in which Dame Peggy has to comment on the difficulties of avoiding wickedness.

The good-hearted prostitute is not a new figure in drama. This one, for a kindness to three fuddy-duddy gods on a virtue-spotting tour, is able to set herself up as a tobacconist, and is instantly beset by parasites (human), including a young pilot who pretends marriage. In self-defence she impersonates an imaginary cousin, a ferocious and dishonest man of business who mercilessly puts everyone to work, and quickly grows rich. A symbolic dichotomy, no doubt, if not an indicative symbiosis; but it is terribly dull going, except for a touching interlude between Shen Te and her lover, sitting under a tree in the rain, and the trial scene at the end, when she confesses her duplicity to the gods.

Eric Bentley's translation may have lost something of the original, but that cannot explain the absence of a single arresting thought. George Devine has avoided the squalor inherent in the whole thing, in a simple production using bamboo poles and sliding mats; I do not see that he could have done it any better. With Peter Wyngarde, Peter Woodthorpe, Joan Plowright, Esmé Percy and others in a large cast he plays a village character as well as the piecemeal shallowness of the charade permits. As for Dame Peggy, she has seldom done so much with so little, but it is a sad waste of her talent. ERIC KEOWN



(*The Good Woman of Setzuan*)

Shui Ta }  
Shen Te } PEGGY ASHCROFT





## AT THE PICTURES

*Harvest—House of Secrets*

**S**IMPLICITY, extreme simplicity, sometimes gets an undeserved respect from people who assume that there must be more than meets the eye and don't want to be accused of failing to see it. Again, there is a curious idea that a very simple rustic story is in some way *morally* better and nobler than a complicated urban one. I don't think it is either of these aesthetically irrelevant considerations that makes me approve of *Regain* or *Harvest* (Director: Marcel Pagnol); yet one or two other critical reactions appear surprisingly cool, and so perhaps . . . But no: I know I honestly enjoyed the film before beginning to think about why I enjoyed it, and I think it will please a great many other people.

It was made before the war, but is now being shown here for the first time. The focus of the story (from the novel by Jean Giono) is a ruined, almost deserted village in Provence. Almost deserted: of the three people who are still there at the beginning of the film one, the old blacksmith who made the ploughshares, is just being fetched away to live with his son. The remaining two are Panturle, who lives by poaching, and an old woman whose husband was killed in the collapse of the well that drove everybody else away from the place.

Other principal characters are Gédémus, a travelling knife-grinder, and Arsule, a young woman café entertainer he rescues when she is left stranded by her partner. He looks after her, though she has to pull his cart, and on their wanderings they pass near the village and save Panturle from drowning. She goes back to the village with Panturle, lives with him, and they are happy. From this spark the village life revives.

This, no more, is the basis of the story, though it is also suggested that there is some significance in their being led to the district not by chance but as a result of being scared by the distant apparition of the old woman. The quality that makes



[Harvest

Arsule—ORANE DEMAZIS

Gédémus—FERNANDEL

Panturle—GABRIEL GABRIO

the whole thing so satisfying is hard to pin down: it is a combination of picturesque character, feeling for place, and odd, interesting detail. Fernandel appears as the knife-grinder, and here he is a victim of his own later reputation—the audience is full of people who at once laugh at all he does and says as they would at a comedian, which jars the mood. It is undeniable too that the convention is sometimes theatrical: there are one or two little scenes that seem to have been staged, not lived. And yet the general impression remains, of endearing, convincing reality.

*House of Secrets* (Director: Guy Green) is a good, exciting thick-ear crook melodrama. In theory there is no reason at all why Technicolor and VistaVision

should make any difference to this kind of work, but somehow they do. The scene is for the most part Paris, and the photography (Harry Waxman) is often very attractive indeed.

The plot involves a confusion of double-crossing, but is mainly concerned with the international police, on one side ("Scotland Yard with the U.N. touch," as one official roguishly explains), and a counterfeiting gang with very large ideas on the other. The hero (Michael Craig) shuttles between them because, as the double of a dead member of the gang, he is induced to act as undercover man for the police. There are several admirably-done fights—I liked the moment when a clouted adversary in falling sliced off the light-bulbs round an actress's dressing-room mirror, bang-bang-bang—and one is helped to keep track of what is happening by that useful device of having it summarized for one of the characters. "Run over it again for me," says the hero, at just about the point where the audience would feel inclined to make this request . . . Far from important, but of its kind very effectively entertaining; and visually full of unexpected pleasure.

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London: the Royal Performance film, *The Battle of the River Plate*, of which more next week, and with it the very pleasing French short, *The Red Balloon*. *Bus Stop* (31/10/56) and *The King and I* (26/9/56) continue.

After all this time, *The Fiends* or *Les Diaboliques* (14/12/55) is among the new releases. Another is *Attack!* (24/10/56).

RICHARD MALLETT

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## ON THE AIR

Lucy, Gracie, Joan et al

IMITATION, the sincerest form of flattery, is good for box-office, circulation and viewing figures. For years our Sundays have been brightened by those two nimble copy-cats the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times*: it has become an amusing parlour game to spot similarities in make-up and character development, to match the reviews, profiles, sporting prints and thumb-nail sketches of one great Sabbath organ with those of its competitor. For years Americans have been entertained by the competitive conformity of the big television networks. If one of them hits the jack-pot of popular approval with a hot gospeller, gossellers of commensurate heat are signed on by its rivals; if one of them rocks the town with a Liberace, an Elvis Presley or a performing dog, the talent scouts show up with facsimile reproductions as if by magic. It is a great game.

In Britain we are able to share in this fun through dollar imports of TV films. We can sample three domestic comedy teams that are identical triplets—the B.B.C.'s "I Married Joan" and "The Burns and Allen Show" and the I.T.A.'s "I Love Lucy." Gracie, Lucy, and Joan are nice gals, dizzy blondes who have married happily and settled down in comfort, security and a respectable neighbourhood. They are ageless, the church clock stands at ten to three and there is always a snack in the ice-box. They represent the American ideal of cute femininity. Everybody loves them, humours them, laughs at their goofy experiments with thought, the English



GRACIE ALLEN

LUCILLE BALL

JOAN DAVIES

language and the daily round. They are unencumbered by children.

"Have you got a letter for me, dear?" says Mr. Gracie (Mr. Joan or Mr. Lucy).

"Why, sure. How about 'B'?"

"B?"

"If you don't like it you can have 'C' or 'P' or 'X'. What d'you want it for?"

"A letter, silly girl, a written communication."

"But why should I write to you, dear, I see you every day. There's no point in writing."

"From somebody else."

"Darling! D'you think I would be mean enough to steam open your correspondence?"

"No, of course not. I mean are there any letters?"

"Who's this somebody else? Another woman?"

"There's nobody."

"You must be on very familiar terms to call her Else . . ."

This isn't authentic crosstalk (merely a slice from a script I had thought of submitting), but the style is roughly that of

the three harebrained witches, and it is this kind of thing that sets the viewing multitudes giggling week after week.

These domestic comedy series are put together with great skill. They are neat, snappy, wholesome and cheerful, and they gleam with professional technical polish. By comparison our home-made serials are unbearably slow and stuffy. The Groves and other social groups limp from jest to crisis and crisis to jest, creaking in every joint. The production potters and stumbles so heavily that the viewer is always mentally prepared for the sudden shattering descent of a safety curtain or an announcement requesting the owner of car PC1212 to report to the box-office. But—and it is an enormously important but—at

least half of the troubles of the British series arise from worthy, ambitious attempts to enrich the texture of these fragments of lightweight drama. The Americans stick to a simple conventional formula. Their comedy teams are all drawn from the same age-group and social niche; they steer clear of experiment and win all their laughs by harping on one joke and in one key. A hundred of these films will tell you nothing about the basic humour of family life, for they avoid reality, the clash of character and personality, and the impact of the extramural world upon individual behaviour.

With all their faults, therefore, the Groves and Greaves and Grooves offer entertainment that is much more praiseworthy and sometimes more rewarding. They are not afraid of "character" and pathos, of social problems and social trends. They make us wince, but there is at least the promise of better things to come.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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"This Falernian is not much good. I wish I lived in the 20th Century then I could drink South African Wine"



*This letter changed my mind  
about materials handling*

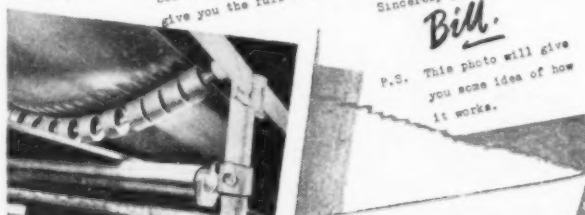
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*Bill.*

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**Stick-a-seal**

PLASTIC FOAM WEATHER STRIP  
with 101 USES in the HOME,  
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CROWNS  
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*A Langenbach Hock*



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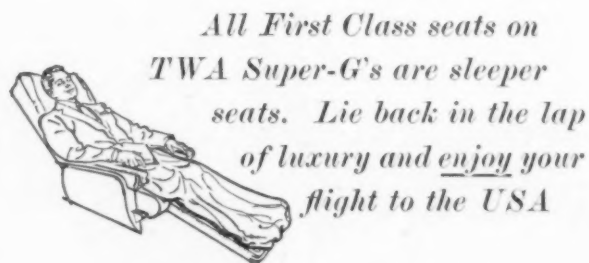
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Flying is quietest, most luxurious in  
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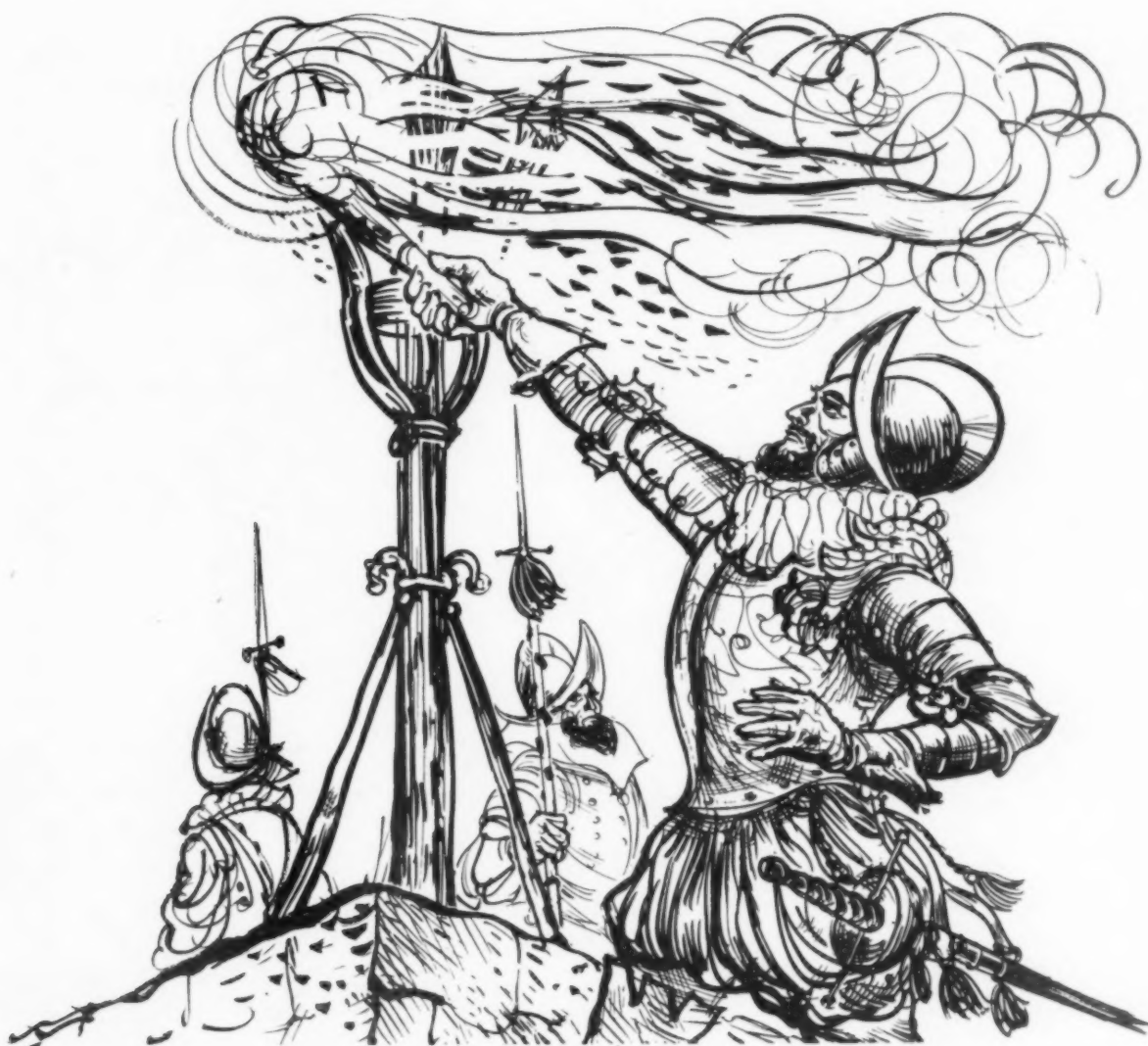
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MANUFACTURERS LIMITED



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should include at least a bottle or two of

## Heavenly Cream Sherry"

It was in 1821 that Mr. John Wm. Burdon first laid down the soleras from which sherry was regularly supplied to the Spanish Royal Household and from which now comes Heavenly Cream, a sherry "so well conceived as to be the master of all others".

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Bottles 27/6: Half-bottles 14/3

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1936			
16 JAN 36	BY BALANCE	100 00	100 00
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18 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	120 00
19 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	130 00
20 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	140 00
21 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	150 00
22 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	160 00
23 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	170 00
24 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	180 00
25 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	190 00
26 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	200 00
27 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	210 00
28 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	220 00
29 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	230 00
30 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	240 00
31 JAN 36	BY CASH	10 00	250 00
1 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	260 00
2 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	270 00
3 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	280 00
4 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	290 00
5 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	300 00
6 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	310 00
7 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	320 00
8 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	330 00
9 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	340 00
10 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	350 00
11 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	360 00
12 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	370 00
13 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	380 00
14 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	390 00
15 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	400 00
16 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	410 00
17 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	420 00
18 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	430 00
19 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	440 00
20 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	450 00
21 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	460 00
22 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	470 00
23 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	480 00
24 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	490 00
25 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	500 00
26 FEB 36	BY CASH	10 00	510 00
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4 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	600 00
5 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	610 00
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26 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	820 00
27 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	830 00
28 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	840 00
29 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	850 00
30 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	860 00
31 MAR 36	BY CASH	10 00	870 00
1 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	880 00
2 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	890 00
3 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	900 00
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11 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	980 00
12 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	990 00
13 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1000 00
14 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1010 00
15 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1020 00
16 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1030 00
17 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1040 00
18 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1050 00
19 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1060 00
20 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1070 00
21 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1080 00
22 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1090 00
23 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1100 00
24 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1110 00
25 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1120 00
26 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1130 00
27 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1140 00
28 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1150 00
29 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1160 00
30 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1170 00
31 APR 36	BY CASH	10 00	1180 00
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26 AUG 36	BY CASH	10 00	2370 00
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*Punch, November 7 1956*



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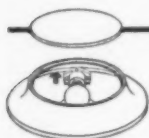
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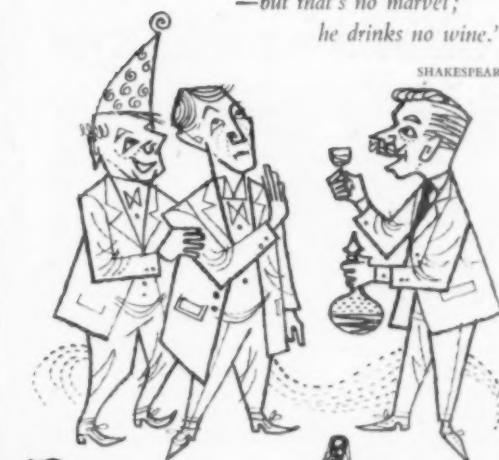
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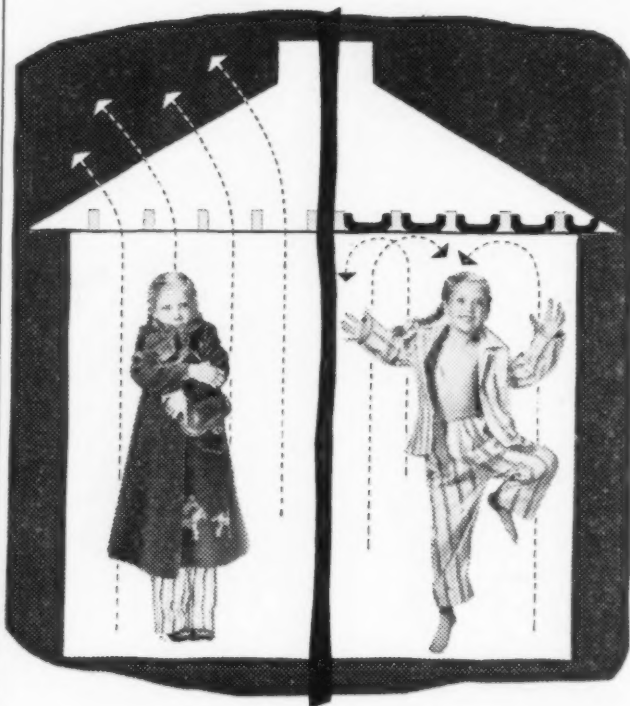


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**GRUNDIG (Great Britain) LIMITED, Dept. P.6**

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(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Company Limited)

G6

## Air Hostess, grounded for "irregularity," flies again

Very smart in her uniform, Mary. Or, rather, she *was*. Her bad temper wore out all the pilots and navigators, and they've given her a crew-cut. "Cheer up," I said. "People have been torn off an airstrip before."

"It's sickening," sighed Mary. "I know perfectly well what really clipped my wings—all this constipation I get. Oh well, I suppose I'll have to learn about typing."

"Not typing," I said, "piping."

"What was that?" asked Mary.

"Piping," I said. "The thirty feet of it you've got tucked away behind your safety-belt. It's the one all your food goes through. And to help it do its circuits and bumps there are muscles inside you, pushing and pulling. The trouble is, if you eat a lot of soft, starchy stuff, they don't stick to schedule."

"Oh dear," said Mary. "Where does that get me?"

"You're flying with B.O.C.C.," I said. "A blockage on your central colon-ial line. Your intercom's out of action, and you're right off the beam for anything but constipation. Only one message to send you," I said. "'Return to bulk!'"

"Bulk?" she queried. "Where is that?"

"On the breakfast table," I said. "Bulk is the boffins' name for Kellogg's



All-Bran. You eat a little every morning. It'll give those intestinal muscles of yours bulk to pull on, and make you 'regular'."

At that, Mary taxied away, her altimeter reading zero. But when I met her next, zoom! A proper jet job, she was airborne for Paris, Berlin, Rome... and romance. "Whacko," I said, "it worked."

"It certainly did," sang Mary. "All-Bran's given me back my flying colours. Made me 'regular' in four days."

"All clear for take-off," I said.

**WHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN  
SURELY AND GENTLY  
RELIEVES CONSTIPATION**

Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellogg's All-Bran gives your system the bulk nature intended it to have. All-Bran's bulk enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active; and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast or in buns or cakes. All grocers sell it.



## mind at rest

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Canadian Pacific know how to do things. Food, comfort, service—these can easily be adequate: here they are magnificent. What is more, your journey onwards is a simple matter: Canadian Pacific trains give you the freedom of Canada, and run direct too, to many points in the United States.

# Canadian Pacific

**IS WITH YOU ALL THE WAY**

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

## The case of *Agrotis segetum*...



To the farmers of Southern France maize is as important a cereal crop as is wheat further North. Yet until recently it was no uncommon sight to see whole fields of young plants destroyed by 'Cutworms' — the larvae of various common noctuid moths, the commonest of which is *A. segetum*, the turnip moth.

The trouble begins in the Spring when the seedlings are attacked by newly-hatched *segetum* larvae and other 'cutworms' that have over-wintered in the soil. Many of the plants are killed quickly; the survivors have their leaves eaten and their stems and cobs drilled by succeeding generations.

This major pest of a major crop, for years defying all attempts to bring it under full economic control, has now been conquered by aldrin, one of the newer Shell insecticides. Non-tainting aldrin has exceptional persistence in the soil and it is worked in before planting — often with fertilizer to save separate applications — or sprayed on the surface during the growing season.

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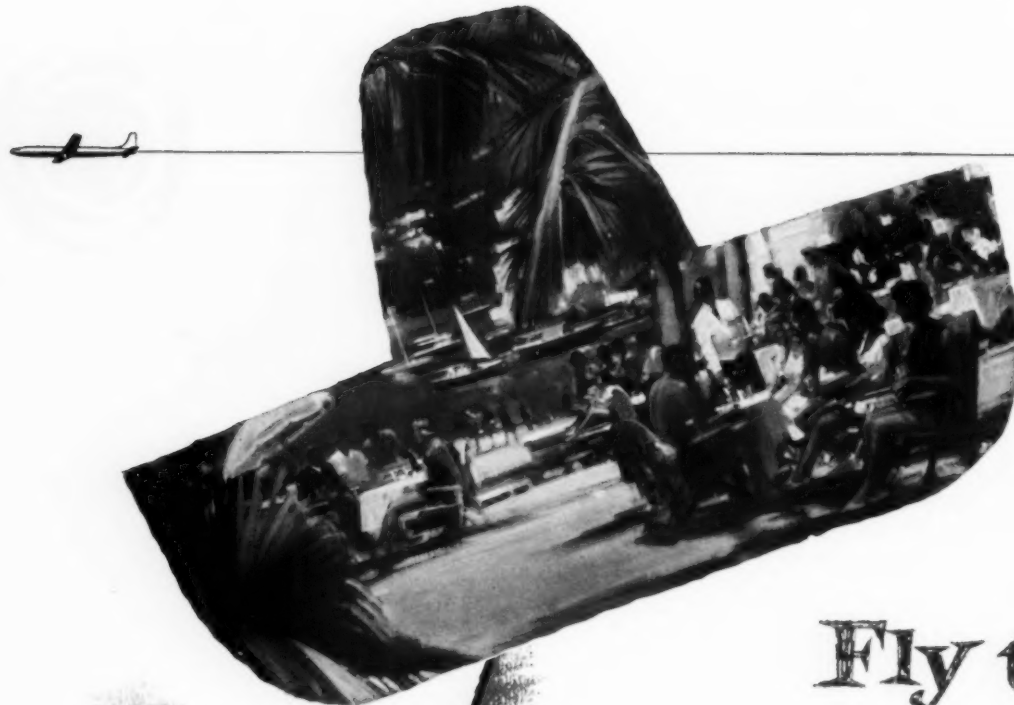
*Aldrin, dieldrin, endrin . . . these three advanced insecticides developed by Shell are complementary to each other. Between them they control most of the major insect pests which menace agricultural production and public health throughout the world. Have you an urgent pest problem in your area?*

# aldrin

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For further information apply to your Shell Company

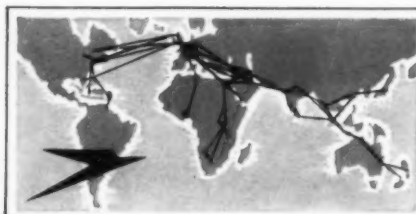
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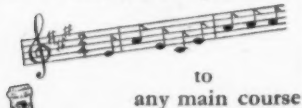


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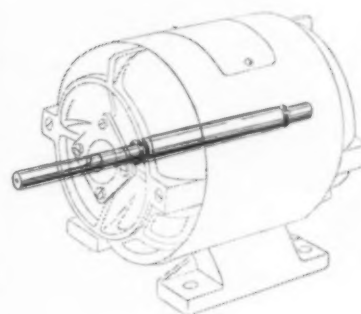
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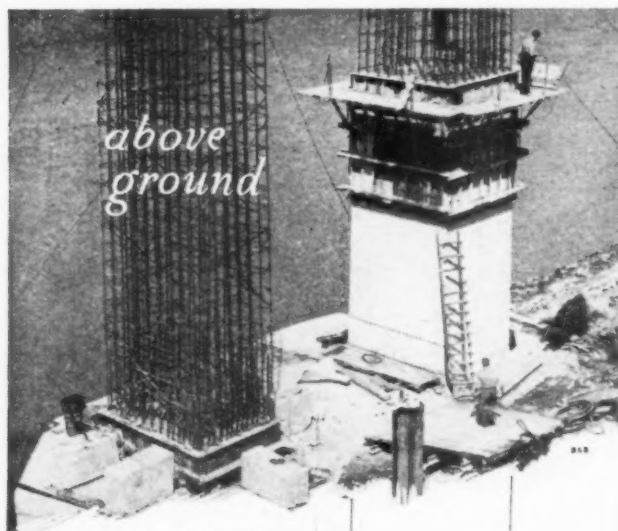
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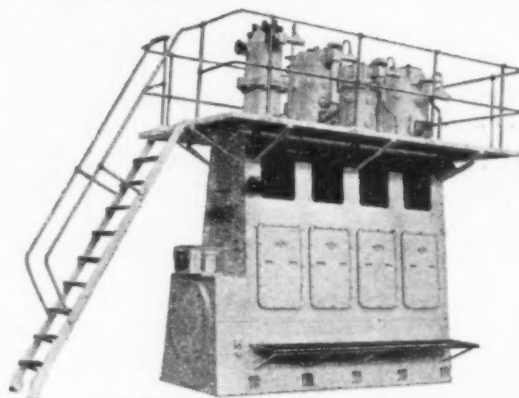
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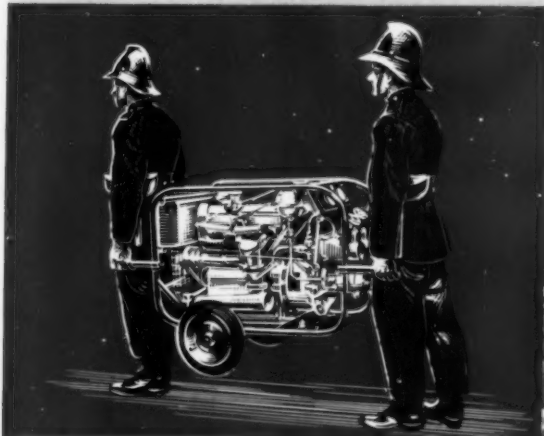


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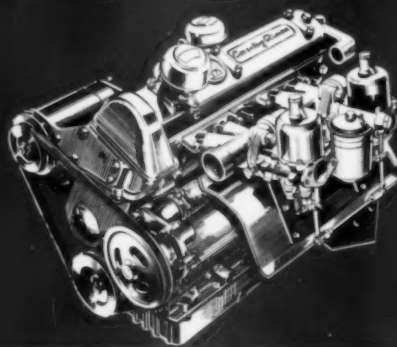
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